Saturday Night

February 5, 1955 • 10 Cents

Capital Press

CLAUDE JODOIN: The loyalties of Labor (Page 4).

The Front Page

One of the young year's most naive observations about politics in Canada was made the other day by the Hon. Philip Kelly, Ontario's Minister of Mines. In the course of a gloomy survey of the fortunes of the national Conservative party, Mr. Kelly suggested that "what is needed federally is a program which will appeal to all the people in this country".

There never has been and never can be such a program, as the Conservatives must surely have learnt after wasting their political heritage in a twenty-year effort to be all things to all men. But even more quaint than Mr. Kelly's apparent belief in a myth is his inference that a party must get a majority of all eligible voters if it is to form a government. The fact is, of course, that a party needs the active support of only a fraction of the adult citizens to win an election in Canada today.

Government by will of the majority and consent of the minority is a noble ideal, and it is proper that we pay our respects to it. But we have not yet made a reality of it. What we have in this country is government by the minority; that

SCIENTISTS AND POLITICS
By John A. Irving: Page 6

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IF INDUSTRY NEEDS IT . . . CANADIAN VICKERS BUILDS IT . . . BETTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

it has the consent of the majority is either a tribute to our understanding of the dangers of anarchy or a frightening revelation of mass apathy and stupidity. If anyone doubts that this is so, let him study the results of recent municipal, provincial and federal elections.

Seldom do more than half the voters in the larger municipalities bother to cast ballots. The record in provincial and federal elections is better, but even then the hottest campaign rarely brings out as much as 80 per cent of the possible vote. In most ridings there are always three or more candidates; even if one of them gets 50 per cent of the votes cast, he is still the choice of a minority. But the winner, more often than not, gets less than 50 per cent. If he needs, say, only 40 per cent of the actual vote to be elected, it is obvious that he requires considerably less of the possible vote.

In the most recent federal election, the Liberals got 48 per cent of the actual vote, and nearly 16,000 fewer people went to the polls than in the election of 1945, when the population was considerably smaller. In that year, incidentally, the Liberals won with 39 per cent of the vote. If the Conservatives forget about the silly search for "a program which will appeal to all the people in this country", and concentrate on getting three out of every ten eligible voters to mark their ballots for Conservative candidates, they'll be heading for success instead of the political junk-heap.

Cherubs

COLLECTORS of Churchilliana may have missed the anecdote told the other day by the British journalist, David Clayton. Sir Winston knows that, when he smiles across at his political opponents in the House of Commons, he resembles a pink, cherubic baby. Recently, according to Mr. Clayton, one English mother told him, "I would like you to know that we have a little baby at home who looks exactly like you". "Madam," he replied, "I would like you to know that I am proud that *all* little babies look like me."

Critics and Interpreters

THE REPORTS of the music critics of the three Toronto papers on the recent concert of Witold Malcuzynski were so at variance that we sought out Mr. Malcuzynski to ask him if pianists were as sensitive to criticism as other artists, particularly writers, seem to be.

He shrugged his shoulders. "What can I say?" he said. "This one thinks I play Chopin superbly, that I should never play anything else. That one thinks I can't play Chopin at all, but my Liszt is wonderful. If I paid attention to everything

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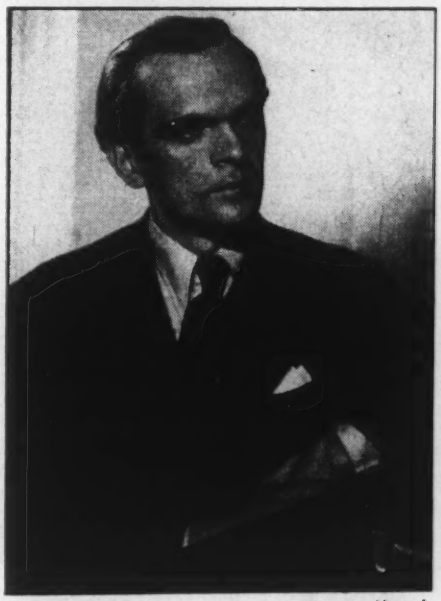
that is said, I suppose I would play nothing at all. You have to be philosophical about it. What the role of the interpreter should be is the eternal problem.

"There is so much talk of interpreting the composer's intention but who knows what his intention was? All we have is the notes and everyone understands the notes in a different way. Real interpretation, it seems to me, should be re-creation. I don't believe there is such a thing as an ideal interpretation. The same composition can be played two, three or four different ways and be just as satisfactory. Even the great composers — Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt — played their works differently at different times. And composers don't always interpret their own works well. Liszt played Chopin better than Chopin and Chopin says so himself in his letters. Gieseking and Backhaus both play great Beethoven but in very different ways and who is to say which is right? There are always personal differences, of tone, of temperament, which will distinguish one performer from another. The role of the critic, in my opinion, should be to judge how the interpreter has realized his own intention."



James Abresch

MALCUZYNSKI: Who can tell?

Mr. Malcuzynski, who was a pupil and compatriot of Paderewski, has just finished an eight months' tour of Europe. His wife, a fine concert pianist herself, is with him on his current American tour. She is French and they met when she came to compete at the last International Chopin Competition in Warsaw in 1937. "I won the prize and a wife, too," he told us. They have never considered a joint career as duo-pianists. "We sometimes play together," he said, "but just for fun. We have two small children, girls, aged three and six, and my wife is busy with them. It is too soon to know whether they have any musical talent. I almost hope not. I do not want them to be concert pianists, in any case. It is too hard a life. I just want them to be happy."

The Quality of Mercy

WE CAN'T help admiring the initiative shown a while ago by Lloyd Chester, a disc jockey in Montreal. Mr. Chester played one tune, "I Gotta Get My Baby", eighteen times in succession, giving it a different title each time. Since the record was expected to be a great hit, he explained, he had decided to save the audience three months of weary listening by getting it all over with in one agonized half hour. Mr. Chester's attempt at mercy killing was, of course, deeply resented; thousands of telephone calls jammed the radio station's switchboard and policemen were sent in prowl cars to get the facts. Euthanasia, no matter how highly justified, is always a hazardous undertaking.

Money on the Campus

The great debate about teaching methods goes on, and we hope it never stops; from all the heat produced by the friction between theories, some light is bound to come. But it is a pity that the same lively examination is not being given a more urgent and difficult problem, one that can be expressed in one word: money — money for teachers, students, equipment and buildings. Higher education in particular is being starved by lack of funds, and unless we are willing to let it exist in a state of chronic malnutrition, we must find some remedy, and quickly.

Dr. Sidney Smith, President of the University of Toronto, told an audience a couple of weeks ago about the difficulties of competing with business and industry for the brilliant young graduates who are needed in academic life if universities are to maintain and improve their standards of instruction. But there is much more than this to be considered, as Dr. Smith has warned in the past. Within the next five years Canadian universities will begin to feel the pressure of the steadily increasing enrolments in public and high schools. Must they raise their entrance requirements or their fees to restrict severely the number of students they accept? If not, they require more buildings and staff. Even without considering the needs for new or improved facilities, the universities are in a pretty shaky financial state. If they raise their fees any more, they will become exclusive clubs for the children of the well-to-do, and the whole country will

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suffer. Indeed, the cost of higher education has already reached the point where it keeps too many fine young minds out of the universities. On one Canadian campus, for instance, there has been a drop of 14 per cent in the number of students from rural homes and of about 10 per cent in the number from urban working class homes.

The same problem exists in the United States, but there a start has been made on a solution. Industry, realizing its debt to the universities, has begun to make substantial endowments. In the U.S., however, there is a much more liberal system of tax deductions for philanthropic and educational purposes than we have in Canada. What is needed here is an awakening by both government and industry to the national necessity of an enlarged, financially healthy higher education.

Snake in the Valley

A YOUNG FRIEND of ours, who does not believe in paying for his own transportation if he can scrounge a ride, had an experience a few weeks ago that left him so shaken he hasn't been able to cock a thumb since. Hitch-hiking in the Ottawa Valley, he was picked up by a solitary driver bound for Chalk River. It came time for our friend to get out of the car, and when he went to get his bag from the rear seat, the driver asked him to do it quickly and carefully. "I don't want that snake to get out," he said. "It seems to have wakened up." Sure enough, on the seat was about four feet of thick-bodied snake uncoiling itself. "What kind is it?" the hiker managed to ask, making a hurried grab for his bag. "Boa constrictor," the driver said, and pulled away. We listened to this tale with the dubiety we thought it deserved, but the other day a scientist who works at Chalk River paid us a visit and in the course of some idle talk mentioned that one of his colleagues had suffered a grievous loss. "It's his pet boa constrictor," he said. "It died a couple of weeks ago. He had it out for a drive and it got pneumonia."

In Reverse Gear

CHARLES E. WILSON, U. S. Secretary of Defence and former Chairman of the Board of General Motors, is known in Washington as Engine Charlie, to distinguish him from another Charles E. Wilson, who left General Electric to fill a similar job a few years ago and became known as Electric Charlie. Distrusted by many at first as a symbol of Big Business in Government, he has won at least grudging respect from most Americans by his willingness to pay several thousand dollars a day for the privilege of serving his country and trying his hand at running the biggest business in the country, the $60 billion-a-year defence program.

That's quite a bit bigger than even General Motors, but under Mr. Wilson's hand it has run along smoothly in high gear. The other day he showed that he still remembered reverse gear. Two years ago he had opposed trade with the Soviet bloc, arguing that contributions to a country's economic potential were bound to increase its military potential. But recently, before a congressional committee examining the President's bill for freer international trade, Mr. Wilson argued that trade with the Soviet bloc would help the

Miller Services
CHARLES E. WILSON: Surpluses.

economy of the allies of the U.S. and thus strengthen the free world. It would also promote international understanding and help combat antagonism towards the United States. The specific case he mentioned showed the development of the politician in the business man: in agreeing that it might not be a bad idea to trade some of the American surplus of butter for Russian manganese, he neatly handed the question of strategic trade over to the Russians for an answer.

The reason for the changed attitude is, of course, the spread of the idea of "peaceful co-existence". Under conditions of active or imminent war, the argument that even food or consumer goods strengthens the enemy by freeing him to produce guns and bombs packs too much emotional appeal for a cool answer. But in time of peace, even uneasy peace, economic demands cannot be ignored. The United States may be able to get along very nicely without trade with any part of the Soviet bloc, but can Germany, Japan or some of the other allies of the US? It is probable that the economic difficulties of Japan in particular have influenced Mr. Wilson's thinking. Or perhaps he remembers what Joseph Stalin, in his last published article, had to say about the prospect of a trade war among the western nations and their former enemies, the Germans and Japanese, for the markets of a shrinking non-Communist world.

Rebels in Jail

AN AMERICAN, free after nine years spent in Russian jails and labor camps, reports that the fire of revolt is smouldering in Soviet prisons and could flare into open rebellion within six months. This news seems to have cheered a good many people on this side of the Atlantic, although the reason for their jubilance is obscure. There has been quite a bit of rebellion in Canadian and American prisons, too, but we would hesitate to take that as an indication that the downtrodden masses of this continent are getting ready to drape telephone poles and light standards with the bodies of their bosses.

Union Man (*Cover Picture*)

IF CLAUDE JODOIN had not been elected President of the Trades and Labor Congress last year, he might now be mayor of Montreal; had he been a candidate, there is no doubt that, with his experience and support, he would have made a strong bid for the job. He was an alderman in Montreal from 1940 to 1942, won the provincial seat of Montreal-St. James as a Liberal in a by-election in 1942 but lost it in 1944. He missed again in 1948 when he ran as an independent labor candidate.

He has described himself as a moderate, and there is no doubt that his thinking on labor questions is influenced by his knowledge of the practical limitations of political action. But there has never been any question about the strength of his loyalty to principles of the labor group he now leads. He favors free enterprise—"so long as it maintains stable economic conditions and contributes to the welfare of the workers"; immigration should preserve "a careful balance" between the inflow of people and the possibilities of employment; shovels cannot replace bulldozers, "but both the Government and private companies must accept some of the responsibilities of unemployment as a result of greater use of automatic machinery". When he made public the TLC brief urging more sensible divorce laws, he knew that some of his fellow Roman Catholics would attack him, but he did not try to wiggle out of his presidential responsibility.

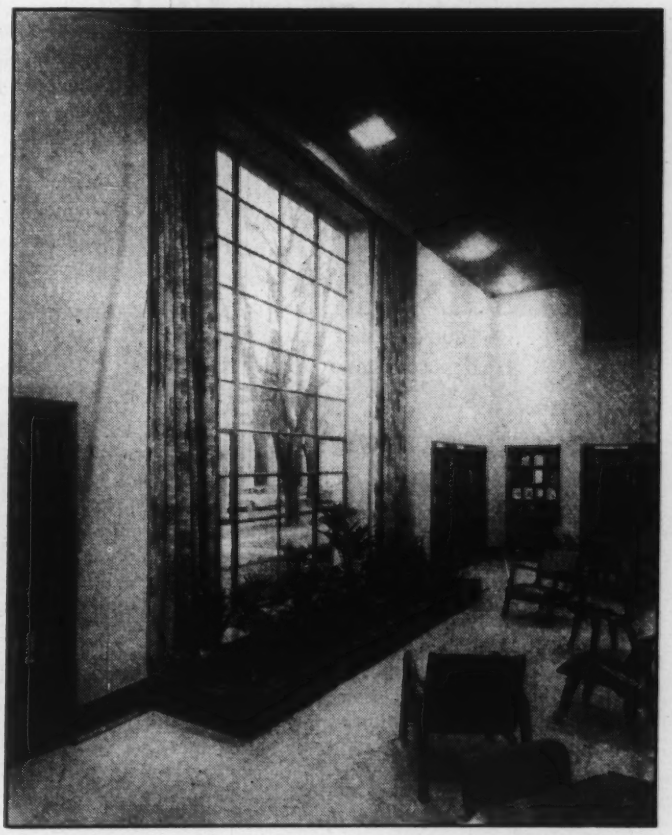
A New Unit for Oshawa's Civic Square

Col. R. S. McLaughlin Presents City With Cultural Centre

One of Canada's most beautiful buildings was recently opened on the new Oshawa civic square. The 110,000-volume McLaughlin Public Library will serve as a cultural centre for both adults and children. It includes an auditorium-art gallery, reference and circulating libraries, film and music loan collections. The curved main staircase is constructed of Italian marble and Indiana limestone.

The main reading room is more than 70 feet deep and has a large mural by William A. Winter, ARCA, above the service desk. The exterior of the building is constructed from Credit Valley stone and the interior trim is of Canadian woods: white pine, oak and birch. Suspended ceilings and fiberglas ceiling tiles, used for the first time in Canada, absorb sound throughout the building.

Architect Arthur H. Eadie spent three years on the plans for the library. FM recording machines with earphones are part of the music library's equipment. Film programs can be screened in either the auditorium or the film library. The fully-equipped auditorium seats 250. A library extension department will carry many of these services to schools, hospitals and outlying districts.



Mr. Eadie, who has planned six libraries, describes the McLaughlin project as a "designer's joy". The building incorporates the most recent discoveries in lighting, color and materials. This picture window is typical of the care for detail. Furniture was selected for its visual appeal and the comfort of readers. Children's rooms include hassocks and an enclosed outdoor patio-garden for summer reading.

Photos: Hugh Robertson, Panda.

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... T. D'Arcy Leonard, Q.C., President and General Manager, in presenting the 42nd Annual Report, stated in part:

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Scientists and Politics: Loyalty Not Enough

By JOHN A. IRVING

THE CONFLICT of ideologies is more significant in western civilization today than at any time since the Peloponnesian War. While the struggle between the Communist states and the western democracies may be interpreted as a game of power politics, it is essentially a battle for men's minds.

In a real sense, Soviet Russia is merely continuing the old Czarist policy of imperialistic expansion; but the dynamic of that expansionism is Communist universalism. In fact, ideology is the principal, and in many respects the only, weapon upon which the Soviet Union has relied in its struggle with the West.

The penetrating power of Communist propaganda has raised anew the question of the meaning of treason. In France and Italy, for example, where Communists have polled a heavy vote in post-war elections, the presence of considerable numbers of Soviet sympathizers in the armed services creates difficult problems of military security: the first allegiance of a Communist is not to his own country but to the Soviet Union.

The importance of scientific knowledge in contemporary warfare has also raised special problems of security, as is evidenced by the results of the "spy trials" in Canada as well as by numerous investigations of scientists in Britain, France, and the United States. In the atomic age military security demands protective measures. As the much-publicized case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer has demonstrated, proved loyalty to the state is not enough: beyond loyalty are the harsh requirements of security.

The decision of the special Personnel Security Board of the United States Atomic Energy Commission concerning Oppenheimer's eligibility for employment as a consultant by that Commission has been severely criticized by many intellectuals. Without taking sides in this intemperate dispute, let us consider several problems concerning the relationships of scientists to politics that have been obscured by the dramatic appeal of Oppenheimer's life and personality.

How naive can a scientist afford to be concerning international politics? Even Oppenheimer's admirers would be forced to admit that it would be difficult to discover another scientist who surpassed him in political naiveté!

In a long letter addressed to Major General K. D. Nichols (General Manager of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission), and published in the *New York Times*, April 13, 1954, Oppenheimer offered an elaborate defense of the conduct of his life. In the course of this defence the great physicist revealed his extreme ignorance of the theory and practice of politics.

Although he had begun the study of Sanskrit at the age of 30, and was widely read in novels, plays, and poetry, he admits that in the nineteen-thirties he had no "framework of political conviction" to give him perspective in international politics. He "was not interested in and did not read about economics or politics", and he "was almost wholly divorced from the contemporary scene" in the United States. He had no radio, no telephone, and never read a newspaper or a current magazine. He "learned of the stock market crash in the fall of 1929 only long after the event", and he cast his first vote in the presidential election of 1936, in his thirty-third year.

But, in spite of the fact that he had developed a purely scientific outlook and had no awareness of social and political values, Oppenheimer found himself emotionally involved in international politics. He began to experience "a continuing, smoldering fury about the treatment of Jews in Germany", for he had relatives there. Owing to the economic plight of his students, he "began to sense the larger sorrows of the great depression", and "to understand how deeply political and economic events could affect men's lives." At this point, he realized that he needed "to participate more fully in the life of the community".

The Oppenheimer case raises in an acute form the question of the appeal of Communism to scientists. His letter leaves one with the impression that during the last quarter century many of the keenest scientists in the western democracies have been sympathetic to the cause of Communism, fellow-travellers if not actually members of the Communist Party.

It is impossible to appreciate the intellectual appeal of the Communist movement to scientists unless one considers four dogmas that have been defined more or less clearly within the scientific tradition since the seventeenth century. Certain scientists and scientific philosophers have maintained: first, that science is man's only source of secure knowledge; second, that materialism is implied in the scientific outlook; third, that science demonstrates the truth of determinism; fourth, that the advance of scientific knowledge will lead man to Utopia. Marxism repre-

Wide World

DR. OPPENHEIMER: "Victim of the narrowness of his own education".

sents the strongest and most comprehensive articulation of these four scientific dogmas that has yet been achieved; and this is the ultimate source of the appeal of Communism to the scientific mind.

Without reference to the fateful decision of the Atomic Energy Commission's special Personnel Security Board, let us reconsider the propriety of Oppenheimer's own participation in decisions involving national and international politics. Having committed himself to a purely scientific outlook, why did Oppenheimer not adhere to it? Why did he suddenly become concerned with political values? Finally, why did he oppose the development of the Hydrogen bomb "on moral grounds"?

However inconsistent Oppenheimer himself may have been, no one can seriously maintain today that scientists should avoid participation in policy decisions involving national or international politics. Nor can the scientific enterprise be suspended at any point, as Oppenheimer seems to have fondly hoped with regard to the development of the H-bomb. In the future it is altogether likely that scientists will be involved in an ever increasing degree in social and political decisions. In the atomic age it is impossible to assign limits to the responsibility of scientists for Caesar's problems.

If scientists must accept moral responsibility for the social and political implications of their great enterprise, it is clear that they can no longer afford to be as politically naive as Oppenheimer. While the advice they give to the state must reflect their technical competence as scientists, it must also be uncolored and uninfluenced by emotional considerations. This conclusion implies that scientists should be capable of forming rational judgments of value.

Can the capacity to form such judgments be acquired within the framework of a strictly scientific education? The Oppenheimer case demonstrates that it cannot: a sensitive man, of good will, Oppenheimer became a victim of the narrowness of his education.

Recurrences of such episodes will not be avoided until those responsible for the education of scientists realize that science, in itself, cannot supply us with moral and political values. This is no new doctrine: it was already implicit in Galileo's *Il Saggiatore*, published in 1623.

In its conceptual framework, modern physical science looks on nature as a simple, orderly system, whose processes are mathematically necessary. All the perceptual qualities of the world, such as color, sound, taste, were relegated by Galileo to the sphere of man's subjective experience. It was not long before Galileo's successors relegated all values, including beauty and goodness, to the same domain.

The remedy for the predicament in which scientists find themselves consists in a revision of their attitude to values. Once they realize clearly that social and political values cannot be derived from science itself, they ought also to realize the necessity of a basic training in moral and political philosophy. They need a new educational outlook.

This new outlook will enable scientists of the future to develop both a facility in the investigation of facts and a capacity to form rational judgments concerning social and political values.

The education of scientists for increasing participation in policy decisions is an urgent practical necessity. Only in terms of a philosophical approach to values can the scientist fulfil his social responsibilities. Since the development of such scientists depends, in part, upon the integration of philosophy and the natural sciences in programs of study, colleges and universities must assume a large share of responsibility for the realization of the educational ideal we have outlined.

Oppenheimer's immersion in the "felt immediacy" of Hinduism is the ultimate source of the poetic appeal which characterized his remarkable address (published in the *New York Times*, December 27, 1954) at the conclusion of the bicentennial celebrations of Columbia University. Many who listened to him on this occasion have testified to their "conversion". A closer appraisal of the content of Oppenheimer's pronouncements on the social and political problems of today suggests that his converts have responded too uncritically to an aesthetic experience.

Still, the highly sensitive feelings of a man of good will are no substitute for a rational philosophical approach to social and political values.

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Ottawa Letter

New Belligerence and a Tax Munich

By John A. Stevenson

IN THE DEBATE ON the Address has had a very different tempo from that of its predecessor in 1954. A year ago the Liberal backbenchers adopted a strange passivity during its course and treated with silent disdain a persistent barrage of criticism from the Opposition benches. But this session, probably under instructions from the Cabinet, the Liberal rank and file have been extremely belligerent. A substantial contingent has not been content with refuting the arguments and charges of the opposition but, adopting the strategy of the counter-attack, has assailed and ridiculed the various policies prescribed by the opposition for the cure of the country's ills. Some even had the temerity to criticize governmental policies and actions.

Fernand Viau (L., St. Boniface, Man.) complained bitterly that there was gross favoritism in the matter of promotions in the postal service in his province, and he selected as a special target for his wrath W. J. Turnbull, the Deputy Postmaster General. Since a civil servant cannot reply to such an attack, it is customary for his Minister to come to his defence, if defence is possible, without undue delay, but Mr. Coté, the Postmaster General, preserved a grim silence.

Mr. Pearson gave an admirably lucid exposition of the case for the admission of Western Germany to NATO and, speaking with an air of passionate conviction about its rightness, marshalled in orderly sequence all the stock arguments; at the same time, he labored manfully to allay apprehensions about its wisdom. J. G. Diefenbaker (PC, Prince Albert) and Solon Low (SC, Peace River), speaking for their respective parties, both complained that Parliament should have been given a chance to discuss the new policy before it was presented as a *fait accompli*, but they both gave their endorsation to it, with some reservations about the value of the safeguards devised against the revival of German militarism. M. J. Coldwell's speech was obviously an uncomfortable ordeal for the leader of the CCF.

He rose with the knowledge that the national executive of the CCF had just pronounced strongly against the admission of Germany to NATO and that at a caucus of his followers in Parliament, 19 out of the 24 had supported its stand. But he had evidently decided that he must follow the line taken by the leaders of the British Labor party, with whom he had consorted during his recent visit to Europe, and so he gave the motion a tepid benediction, qualified by grave misgivings about its dangers. His deputy, Stanley Knowles (CCF, Winnipeg North Centre) voiced the views of the dissentients in a well reasoned speech, in which he predicted dire calamities for the whole world from such a misguided policy. H. W. Herridge (CCF, Kootenay West), rebutting the unfair suggestion that Communist influence was responsible for the opposition to the Government policy, reminded the House that British Tories like Lord Beaverbrook and French Rightists like General de Gaulle were violently opposed to the rearmament of West Germany.

M. J. COLDWELL: Uncomfortable.

The chief arguments of Mr. Pearson and other defenders of the policy were that unless Western Germany was brought into the corral of NATO she would throw herself into the arms of Russia. But none of them could offer any guarantee that, when she is rearmed and Dr. Adenauer's strong hand is removed, as it soon must be in the nature of things, the military leaders of Germany will not reassume direction of her policies and make a deal with Russia, the only power that can satisfy the craving of every German heart for the reunification of the country.

It was an irony of fate that Mr. Drew was not in his place in the Commons to hear Mr. St. Laurent explain his moves for a settlement of the controversy with the provincial ministry of Quebec about taxation, and to peruse the correspondence exchanged with Mr. Duplessis, which was tabled. He had risked the displeasure of many of his followers to espouse the cause of the latter and he would have been fully entitled to sound the loud timbrel of triumph.

There are many of the earmarks of the calamitous pact of Munich about the new proposals of the Federal Government. The taxpayers of any province will henceforth be given, on account of any provincial levy of income tax which they may pay, a deductible credit of 10 per cent of their Federal income taxation, and the concession will be retroactive for the year 1954. It is true that the provincial income tax of Quebec was calculated to be roughly 15 per cent of the scale of the similar Federal levy, but the exemptions provided by the provincial law leave the former at a level of approximately 10 per cent of the latter. For all practical purposes, the full deductibility of the provincial income tax, which Mr. Duplessis demanded, has been conceded. The offer is unilateral and is available to all the other provinces to accept or reject.

It can be fairly contended for the St. Laurent Ministry that there has been no departure from the fundamental principle, laid down in the Rowell-Sirois report, that the richer provinces must contribute to the financial succor of the poorer provinces for the maintenance of a uniform system of benefits for social welfare. But there has been a definite abandonment of the design of the Federal Government to secure monopolistic control of income taxation. It is all a sad recession from the high bravura pronouncements of Mr. St. Laurent in his famous speech at the Reform Club in Quebec, in which he summoned the Liberal faithful to follow him in a grand crusade for the extinction of the maleficent power of Mr. Duplessis in the interests of national unity and the future of the French-Canadian race.

There is much speculation about the motives which produced this change of heart. The favorite theory is that Mr. St. Laurent could not bear the idea of passing from the political stage without securing acquittal by his racial compatriots from the charge that he had been responsible for a grave injustice to his own province. But the concession now made must materially strengthen the position of Mr. Duplessis and at Ottawa it has had a mixed reception from the representatives of other provinces. The members from Ontario seem lukewarm about it, but it finds little favor with their brethren from the maritime and western provinces.

Foreign Affairs

Famous Last Words of Djilas and Dedjer

By Willson Woodside

FOR THE past seven years Yugoslavia has been the laboratory for a fascinating study of Communism at work. When the Yugoslavs pulled down the Iron Curtain on the far side of their country, to hold off the Soviets, they had to let the blinds up part way on our side. Those who would look, or even peep, have witnessed a wonderful struggle between Marxism and human nature.

Needing the support of their own people, a greater production and Western sympathy all at the same time, the Yugoslav Communists allowed farmers to leave the collectives, eased off the terror of the secret police and loosened the central control of industry. The inevitable result was that people's minds and tongues were loosened, too, until at the Party Congress at Zagreb, in November, 1952, the party was turned into a "league", and its members instructed "to use persuasion, and not dictate".

The Communist League was to remain the "organized political force". But it was to combat the tendency towards dictatorship by a bureaucratic caste "which had a vested interest in maintaining the power of the state, and thus was opposed to the interests of the masses and the creation of Lenin's stateless society". Tito's Communists were to be educators, "activators" and missionaries, not local tyrants or mere bureaucratic toadies of the government.

That set the party adrift without a rudder. As Milovan Djilas, then the Vice-President and the leader of the trend towards democratization, now puts it: "The Party is depressed and without an ideology. The dogma was taken from it by the democratization trend and nothing has replaced it."

It is hard to say what might have happened had Stalin lived and continued to menace Titoite Yugoslavia. But Stalin died a few months after the Zagreb Congress, and within half a year the democratization process was set in reverse. Djilas then wrote his famous articles—19 of them, over a period of three months—in the leading Party paper, *Borba*. That they were actually published, in a Communist state, is a remarkable fact.

Djilas argued that not only the Stalinist bureaucratic state but even the Leninist type of Party and State was obsolete. Yugoslavia's class struggle was over. The enemy was no longer capitalism but party bureaucracy, which was blocking progress by preventing free expression. The only course to take was the abandonment of all forms of despotism, whether Stalinist or Leninist.

What the Communists should now do, said Djilas, was to form a real league which would permeate society but not be organized into a tight group, divided from the masses. Such a league would attract many of the Communist true believers who had fallen away, and — just as important—it would repel the opportunists and the hacks who see in Party work an endless series of committee meetings. Communism would then come about "spontaneously".

Wide World

DJILAS: The Vice President turned in his party card. "Why pretend?"

C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times* is quick to point out that Djilas is expressing here "that curiously anarchic spirit of the Serbs and indifference to torture or hardship which has infected most Yugoslavs, a carefree and savagely independent outlook which inspires this schism as it did Tito's guerilla warfare".

Djilas could have survived this ideological discussion, but he went on to criticize the "caste" system and the growth of a new Communist "aristocracy", exposing the conduct of the wives of some of the other leaders; he also suggested that a second socialist party might be allowed to emerge.

He was called before a special meeting of the Central Committee and expelled, in a two-day session which was broadcast and in which he was given as much time as his accusers. This now appears to have been the high point of the democratization trend in Yugoslavia. Djilas kept silent for almost a year, but when his friend Dedjer defied the Party Control Commission's order to boycott him, he finally unburdened his mind to the *New York Times* the day before Christmas. It would put the Yugoslav press in a bad light to have his views appear abroad, he admitted. "It is too bad I cannot say the same things at home." He realized that he was taking a risk, but he hoped it would mean a lot to his country.

He had to speak out, because the Dedjer affair showed that there was an attempt to frighten the democratic elements in the party. "Such elements exist, but they are unorganized, whereas the party itself is in the hands of undemocratic forces." The initiative for this anti-democratic trend had come from Tito, who, with the majority of the party leaders, was against him. But what he had written in his articles "exists in the people, though the only one who could express it was a leading personality.

"I thought we could have our first more or less free discussion in Yugoslavia. But it did not take place. We had, in fact, reached stagnation. In 1950 and 1951 a new atmosphere of freedom was developing. The police were no longer putting people in jail. But it is clear now that we have obtained only certain freedoms in art and literature, but not in ideological and political questions. The political aspect of our system is still close to Stalinism. . . .

"I am a democratic Socialist. The name Communism is good, but it has been compromised. It is a synonym for totalitarianism, in this country as in Russia. What is the use of such an ideal name? I handed in my Communist card for moral and political reasons. Why remain in the party when I cannot say anything? Why pretend?"

Dedjer, another close personal friend of Tito's, who is now in the soup with Djilas, protested to *The Times* of London that he didn't even agree with his friend on many theoretical questions. "But I cannot stop seeing a friend who is so very much alone. In my opinion a Communist should be first of all a human being. Any political movement which puts aside ethics and morals carries in itself the seed of its own destruction."

Both of these interviews, be it noted, were cabled out of Yugoslavia. They may be filed among "famous last words"; for Djilas and Dedjer—as one Iron Curtain broadcast put it in a similar case — will now "be tried and found guilty".

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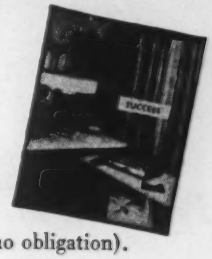

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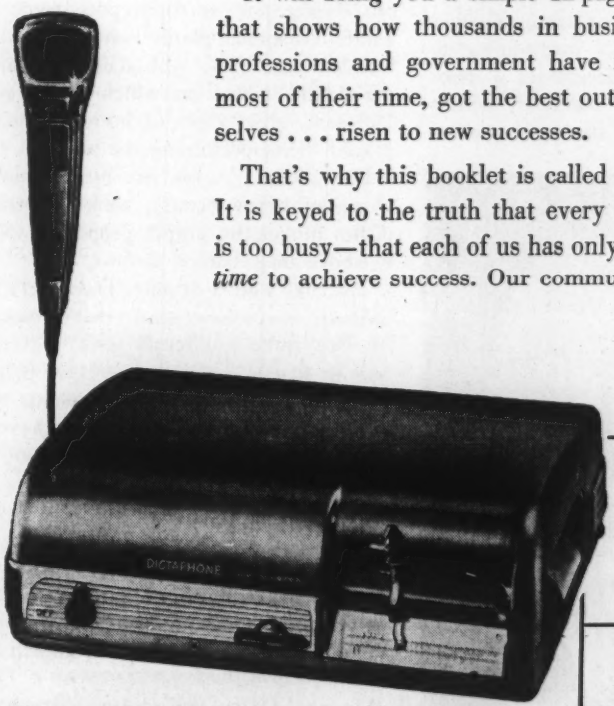

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Books

Portrait of the Artist at Extreme Length

By Robertson Davies

WAS HE CLOSED the sixth volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography Davies caught himself in the treacherous act of wondering whether this might not be the last; hadn't the old fella said everything he had to say by this time? A matter of half a million words, maybe, beltin' the Papists every inch o' the way and knockin' the stuffin' outa the lordly critics and ecclesiastical censors who had schemed to break the heart of poor Sean? And hadn't Sean got the best of 'em, every one, at last? Wasn't it time to call it a day, now, and lay down the shovel an' the hoe, not to speak of the shillelagh of Brian Boru and the dainty poisoned kiss of Cathleen na Houlihan? But as he pondered, Davies felt the shadow of shame darken his Welsh brow, and he knew that if another volume came out next year he would seize it with eagerness to see who Sean was thumpin' now.

And didn't he know that his own style would forever be marked by Sean? And why not, after six volumes? Hadn't he caught Sean's modest trick of referring to himself in the third person—although, having two surnames and no romantic, warmly Celtic given-name, the effect was but a poverty-stricken echo in his case? Ah, no! Back in the guilty days, maybe, when he finished *Inishfallen, Fare Thee Well*, he might have yearned for Sean to shove a sock in his gob and get back to writing the darlin' plays which are his true-begotten daughters o' joy; but now he could go on with Sean forever. Dancin' through his mind was the lovely song that his brave mother used to sing to him, as she lulled him into a hungry sleep in his dark Canadian slum—

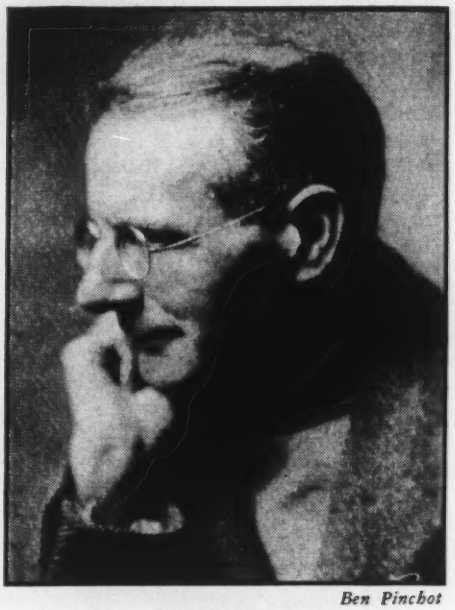
The Big Bear played on the pom-pom-pom
In a very musical kind of way;
The Pig and the Bunny they danced for joy;
We could listen to this all day
Said they;
We could listen to this all day.

Davies knew he was in the same boat with the Pig and the Bunny; Sean is a great man, even if he doesn't know when to shut up, and Davies could listen to him all day.

Still an' all, six volumes is a weary weight o' books, and even Davies admitted that Sean wasn't at his best every inch o' the way. It's a long, long trail a-winding into the land of Sean's dreams, and the nightingales and the white moon don't glorify it all. Davies was glad for the fine long looks at Yeats, and understood the meaning of Sean's reverence for the poet's genius, even when Yeats behaved like a fretful old woman. He was happy, too, that Sean valued the greatness of C. B. Cochran, which the blackened souls of London theatre folk sought to darken to their own pitchy night. And Davies rejoiced at the intimate stories of the domestic life of the Shaws, and the dictatorial manners of the kindly but imperious Charlotte. But to reach these oases of refreshment in the journey through the six books, Davies had to toil through every fight Sean ever had with an Irish parish priest, and listen to Sean's imprecations on all the brotherhoods and orders and sodalities till his poor head throbbed with the tunes o' "The Protestant Boys" and "The Red Flag" in an unholy counterpoint that would madden Sean himself, unmusical though he sorrowfully admits that he is.

The Middle Class, too, came in for many a clout from Sean's fist, and Davies reflected that the Middle Class couldn't be all that bad if they forked out four gleaming American and Canadian bucks for every one o' Sean's ought-to-buy-ographical volumes. A decent lot o' poor slobs, the Middle Class, and ready with a smile to support any Communist author who writes good prose, even if he doesn't do it more than half o' the time.

DYLAN THOMAS: A poet's life.



Ben Pinchot

SEAN O'CASEY: Long, long trail.

Should Sean have cut his manuscript to half, or even a third, Davies pondered inside his poor whitened head, as he speared another spud at that humble table, away below the salt, to which the *Times Literary Supplement* has recently banished all Canadian critics. Wasn't there too much of this class o' thing in it:

"Shaded lamps, turned low, softened this room of delicate azure with their steady lights; besides were pots of fine, large, spreading palms and ferns here and there throughout the room, refreshing the eye of the weary traveller with their cooling greenness. There sat, also, in gorgeous bronze and mirrored pots, some elegantly-blossomed plants, whose rich hues blended beautifully with dainty covers of the dainty tables on which they rested. Different inlaid vases of hothouse flowers graced them, perfuming the air with their varied odours. A low fire burned beyond a rug of horny beauty, whilst appetizing dishes of healthy grapes peeped temptingly above their choice surface."

Aw, but wait a minute, Davies cried to himself; that's not Sean, that's Amanda M. Ros, quite a different Irish writer, and one so like a caricature of Sean that it's no wonder Sean writes like Amanda when he's off his tracks. Shouldn't he have cut all the Ros stuff, now, and left us only the purest and best of Sean?

There's a matter, now, for Dom Anselm Hughes and the Blessed John Feeney and Cardinal O'Rory to collogue over in their marble presbyteries! There's a question to vex the Vatican! Lookit the Welshman there, Dylan Thomas; in two golden little books—*Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog* and *Quite Early One Morning*—he has given us the distilled essence of a poet's life. And he has shown Sean that a Celt can say all he has to say in a hat-

ful o' choice words, without belly-achin' and payin' off old scores. But can't Sean point in confutation at the haughty English aristocrat Sir Osbert Sitwell, lolling at ease on his golden throne and extrudin' the five marvellous volumes of his rich and splendid life? Every craftsman must have his own tools, and work in his own way. Sean's way is the six-volume way, and you sink or swim in the ocean of his variegated eloquence.

Davies may find his ear tiring of the monotonous cadence of Sean's lyric indignation, but isn't that a small price to pay for Sean's superb deflation of the G. K. Chesterton puffball? For two hundred pages or more it may seem as if Sean never met anybody but fools, and left them weltering in the envenomed blood of their own folly. But isn't it worth that to get to his summing-up of a much admired novelist—"With Graham Greene life is a precious, perpetual, snot-sodden whinge"? And if he transcribes too many of the stupid clerical attacks made on him and his work, isn't it worth it to come to his understanding estimate of Bernard Shaw as a poet and playwright? And if Davies gets punch-drunk from the puzzle of Sean's O-let-us-be-Joyceful prose, whose fault is it but his own?

Davies will never bring himself to believe, however, that this uproarious, resentful, cantankerous old wind-instrument of a Sean is any kind of a Communist. Sean's Communism is a poet's dream. It isn't the Communism of Marx or Lenin or Joe Stalin, and it isn't the communism of Jesus Christ. It is Sean's powerful desire to be free, and to be loved and approved by mankind, and to see all his enemies flat on their backs with the stones o' Rome holding them down. And that's not Communism. It is the age-old hankering of poets of Sean's stamp and it has no name in English, though the Welsh call it *hiraeth*. It makes men ridiculous and it makes them bores and it makes them write six-volume autobiographies and it gives them rewarding glimpses of the glory of God and the greatness of Man. And that, thinks Davies as he moseys down to the oculist to get his reading-lenses strengthened, is exactly what it has done to Sean.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR—by Sean O'Casey—pp. 312 & frontispiece—*Macmillan*—$4.00.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG DOG—by Dylan Thomas—pp. 254—*Dent*—$2.25.

QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING—by Dylan Thomas—pp. 181 & frontispiece—*Dent*—$2.25.

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Miller

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The Invisible Writing: Return to the West

By ARTHUR KOESTLER: PART III

"GET UP, get up, empty your bowels, do your exercises, do your exercises, ten minutes of physical culture, eat your breakfast, and now it is time to go to work."

On my first morning in Bokhara I was wakened up by a loud-speaker installed in the public square, blaring out these commands. The public loudspeakers have replaced the Muezzin's call. Their mechanized, hypnotizing commands sounded like a scene out of Huxley's *Brave New World*.

After a few days in Tashkent, the colorless administrative capital of the Central Asiatic republics, and a week on a State Farm in Kasakhstan, my itinerary was completed, and I returned to Moscow. But the pull of my organization or my standing within it, was not sufficiently strong to procure me a room by myself where I could write my book; so I went back to Kharkov and the hospitable Weissbergs. I stayed for a fortnight with Alex and Eva, then managed to get a room in Kharkov's Intourist Hotel, where I spent the late winter and spring of 1933, writing *Red Days*.

In the meantime, Hitler was appointed Prime Minister, and a month later the Nazis staged their Saint Bartholomew's Night against our comrades in Germany. I learnt of that event one evening at the Weissbergs' flat—Alex has described the scene in his *Conspiracy of Silence*. We were playing a peaceful poker game for kopeks — Alex, myself, and Professor Shubnikov, head of the Institute's laboratory for low-temperature research. Shubnikov was an endearing elderly Professor, very absent-minded and something of an eccentric. While one of us was dealing, he remarked dreamily, apropos of nothing:

". . . And so they have burnt down the Reichstag. I wonder now what they did that for?"

"What?" we shouted.

"Don't you know? The Nazis have burnt down your Parliament. It was on the wireless."

Alex and I understood at once what this signified. During the first month of Hitler's premiership in a coalition government, the Nazis had still maintained the appearance of legality and democratic procedure. Now the moment had come for them to drop all pretence: the terror had started, and Germany had become a totalitarian state. The Party, which at the last elections had still polled five million votes, surrendered without fighting. Hitler's victory was complete and final.

During that poker game, the pattern of my life had been changed without my being aware of it. I had ceased to be a traveller and had become a political refugee—which I would remain for the next thirteen years.

For a long time I was not conscious of having lost my privileged status as a leisurely traveller, and having become one of the grey horde of Europe's political exiles. It was a transformation under anaesthesia, so to speak. For the moment it made no apparent difference to my life; I continued to write *Red Days*, and my main worry was neither the future of Europe nor my own, but the problem how to go on working in an unheated room in the grim Ukrainian winter. For, as one of the minor disasters in that disastrous year of famine and general dislocation, the electricity supply of the Ukrainian capital had broken down—and the central heating in the Hotel Regina was operated by electric pumps. In the streets, the temperature often sank to fifty and sixty degrees below freezing point. When one tried to smoke in the open air the moisture froze in the cigarette which became hard as a stick and gave one the sensation of chewing nicotined ice-cream. Inside my room, the water was permanently frozen in the tap, and the temperature rarely rose over freezing point. At first I tried to work in bed, but found this too uncomfortable; so I hammered away at the typewriter, wearing mittens, and a kind of quilt-jacket padded with cotton-wool, called a *vatinka*.

The electricity breakdown lasted all through the winter. The Ukrainian capital lived in a permanent blackout, paralyzed by hunger, darkness and frost.

Today, the catastrophe of 1932-33 is more or less officially admitted by the Soviet Government, but at the time no allusion to the real condition of the country was permitted to appear in the Soviet Press. The Government was determined to keep the people in the dark regarding its own situation. This apparently impossible task could only be undertaken in a country where all information was centralized at the top of the pyramid, and all communications were a Government monopoly.

THE Soviet Press is, in fact, controlled to a degree which the Nazis were never able to achieve. Every town in the Union, Moscow included, has two morning papers; a Government organ and a Party organ. All Government papers throughout the country print every morning one uniform leader: the leader of the Moscow *Isvestia*, distributed to them by telegraph and radio. Similarly, all Party papers throughout the country appear with the *Pravda* editorial. All foreign news and home news are distributed by one single agency, TASS. Local events are covered entirely by official hand-outs. The effect of this total news-centralization in a country with vast distances is that the people are kept in ignorance not only of foreign events, but also of everything outside the range of their immediate neighborhood.

Thus every morning I learned from my Kharkov paper about plan figures that had been reached and surpassed, about competitions between enthusiastic factory

shock-brigades, about awards of the Red Banner, new giant factories in the Urals, and so on.

I finished *Red Days* some time in April. I had it typed out, top and five copies, and sent the various copies to the various State publishing firms in Moscow, Kharkov, Tiflis and Erivan, who had signed agreements for the Russian, German, Ukrainian, Georgian and Armenian editions of the book. I have explained in *The God that Failed* that these agreements, and the considerable advance payments that went with them, were not the result of my literary reputation — which was non-existent since I had published no books at that time — but a direct effect of the strong Comintern letter that I carried. When I produced it, in Kharkov or in Erivan, the Director of the State Publishing Trust in question could not refuse signing a contract for the contemplated book, which was described as an important contribution to our fight on the Propaganda Front, without risking being accused of sabotage. It was in this indirect manner that the Comintern financed my sojourn and travels in Soviet Russia, and similar methods were employed to oblige visiting authors from abroad who were not members of the Party.

In spite of my numerous contracts, however, only one edition of *Red Days* did, in fact, appear. This was the Kharkov edition in German, intended for the German-speaking national minorities in the Ukraine.

The Russian edition of the book which, from the point of view of a writer's prestige was the only one that really counted, never saw the daylight. Three months after I had delivered the manuscript I was informed by one of the higher bureaucrats in the Moscow Trust that it had been rejected because it was written in "a too frivolous and lighthearted style".

At about the time when this decision was communicated to me, Paul Dietrich, my friend and immediate superior in the German section of the Comintern, informed me that the Party had decided against my staying in Russia. The leaders and intellectuals of the German C.P. who had managed to escape from the Nazi terror were all gathering in Paris which was becoming the centre of the anti-Fascist propaganda campaign, and I was instructed to join them.

Though in Russia it would have been easy to find a job, whereas in Paris I would have to start from scratch, I received the news with immense relief. I was a Communist, but I found life in Russia terribly depressing. The drab streets, the unrelieved shabbiness and poverty, the grim pomposity of everything said and written, the all-pervading atmosphere of a reformatory school. The con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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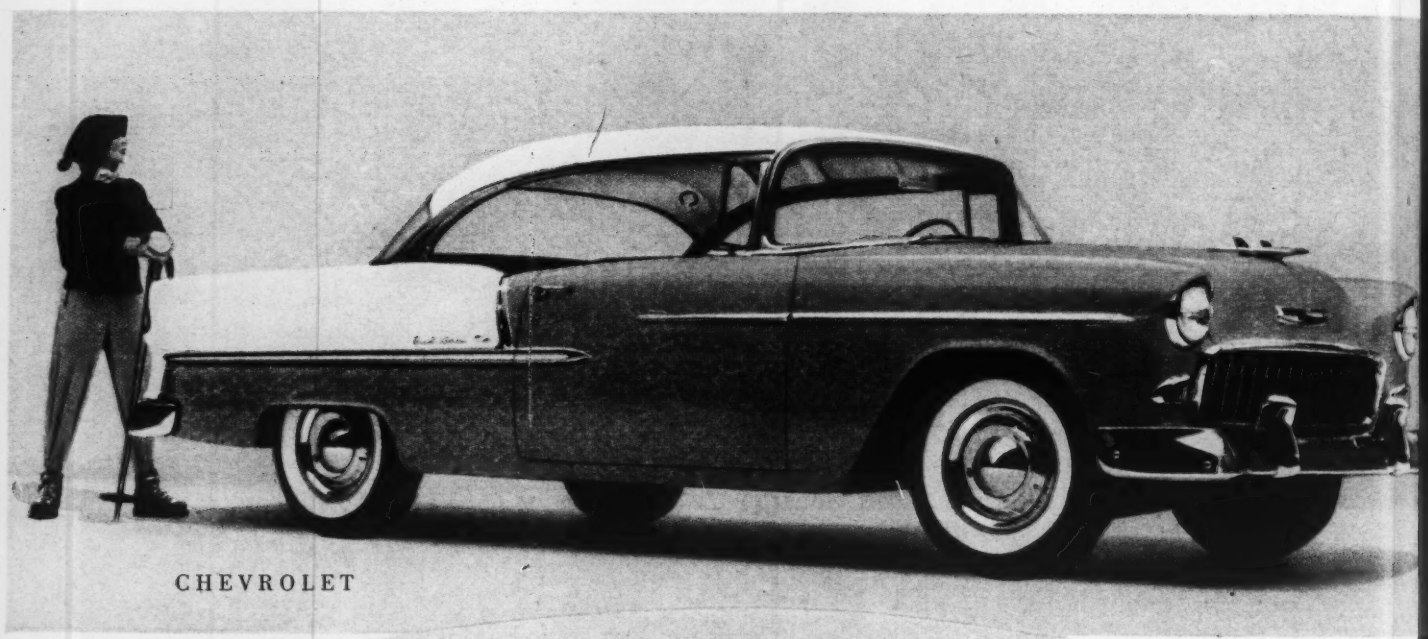

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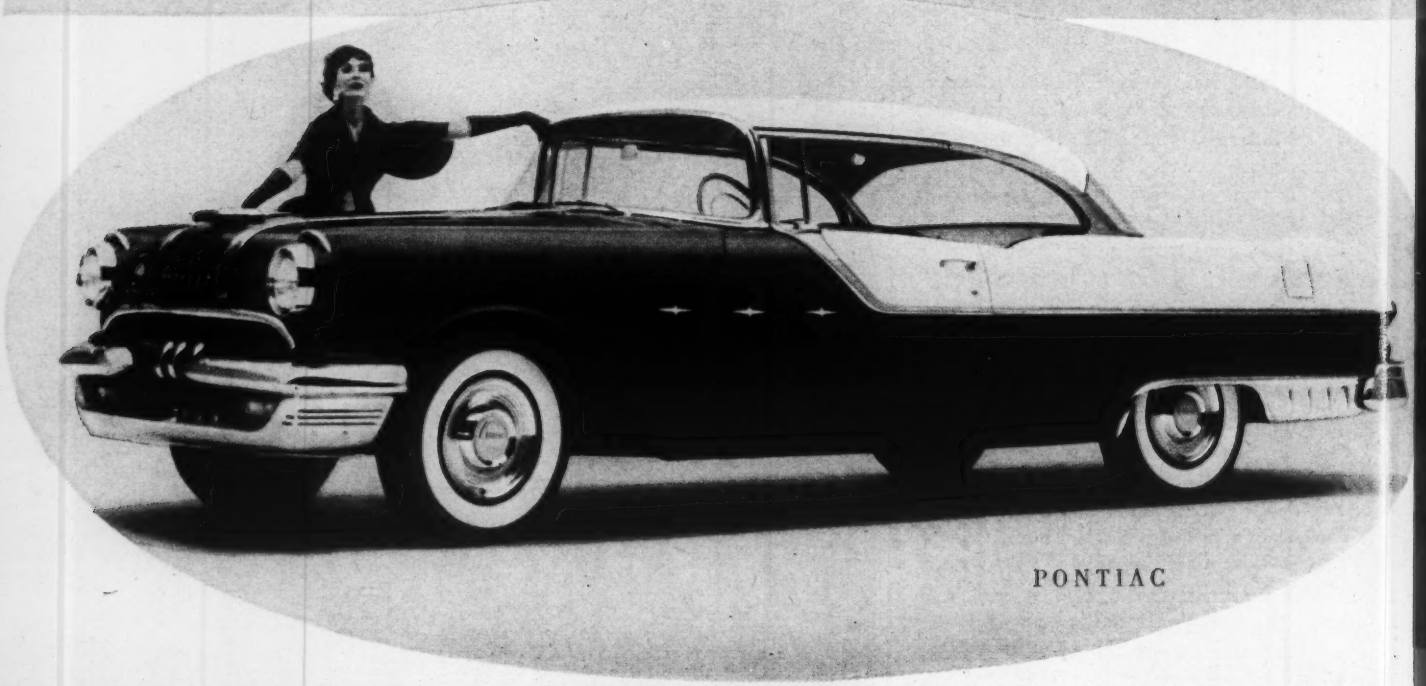

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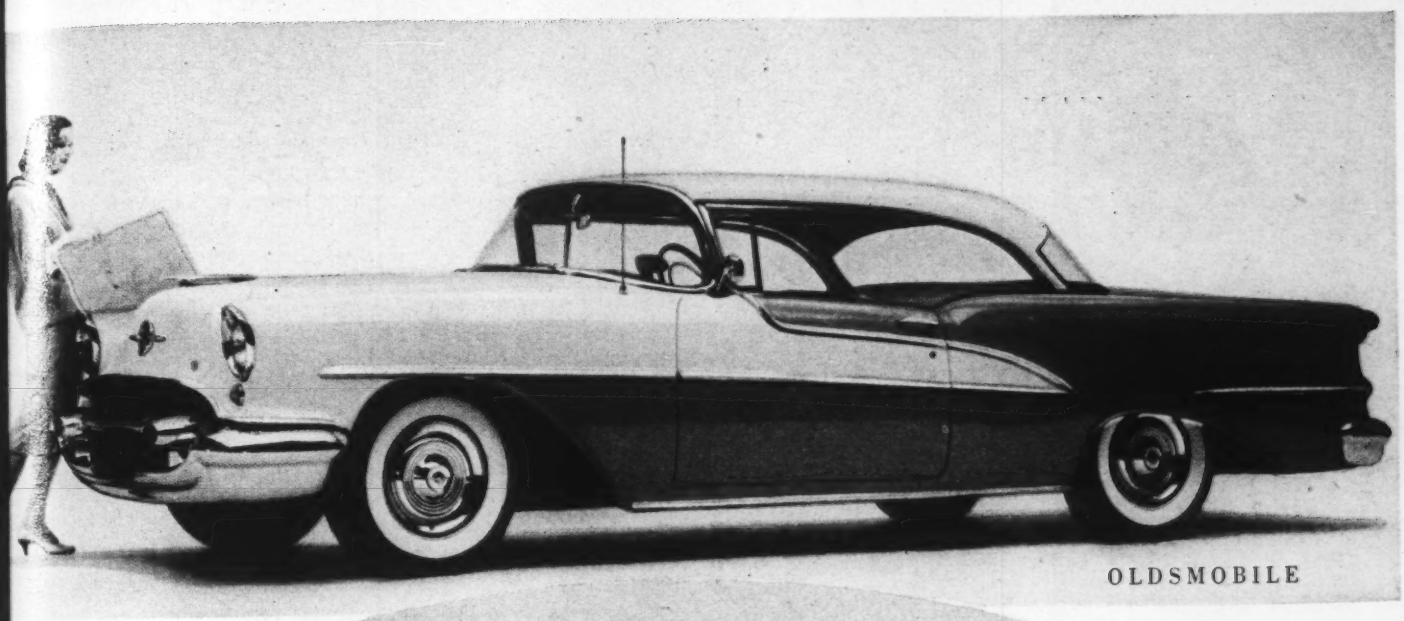

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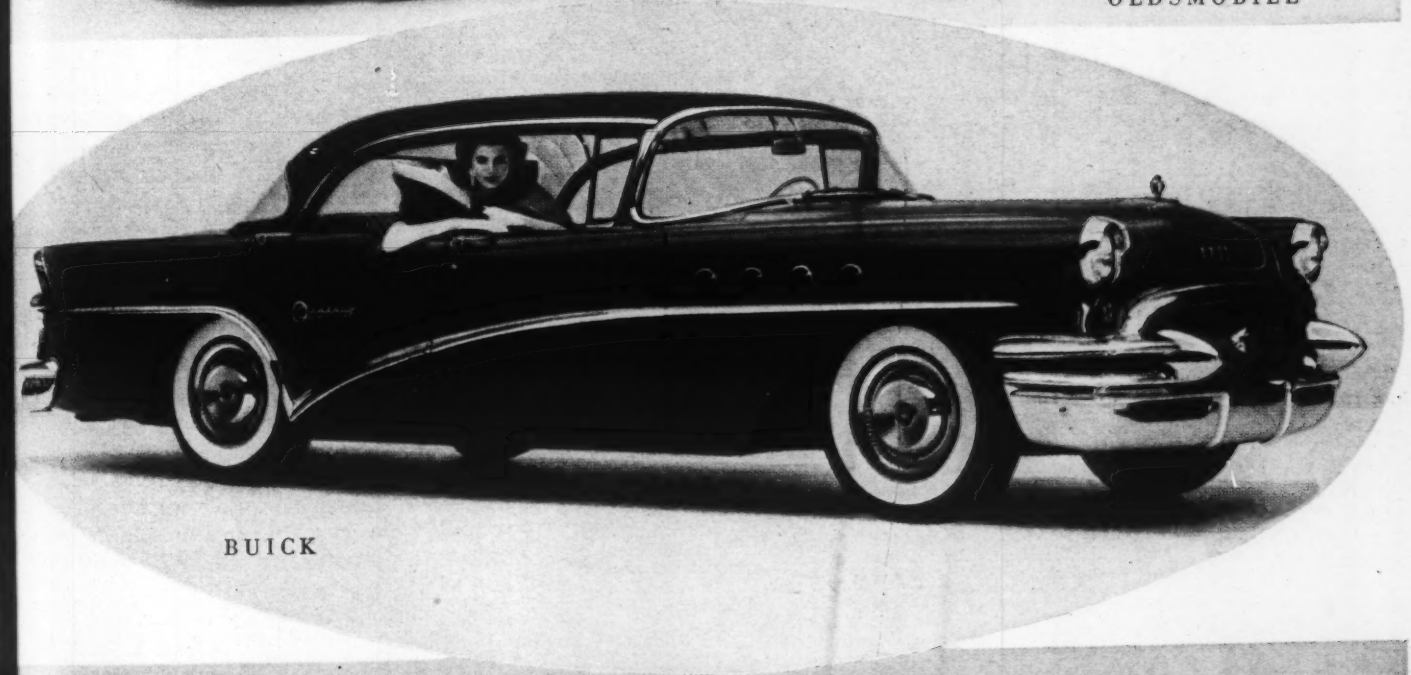

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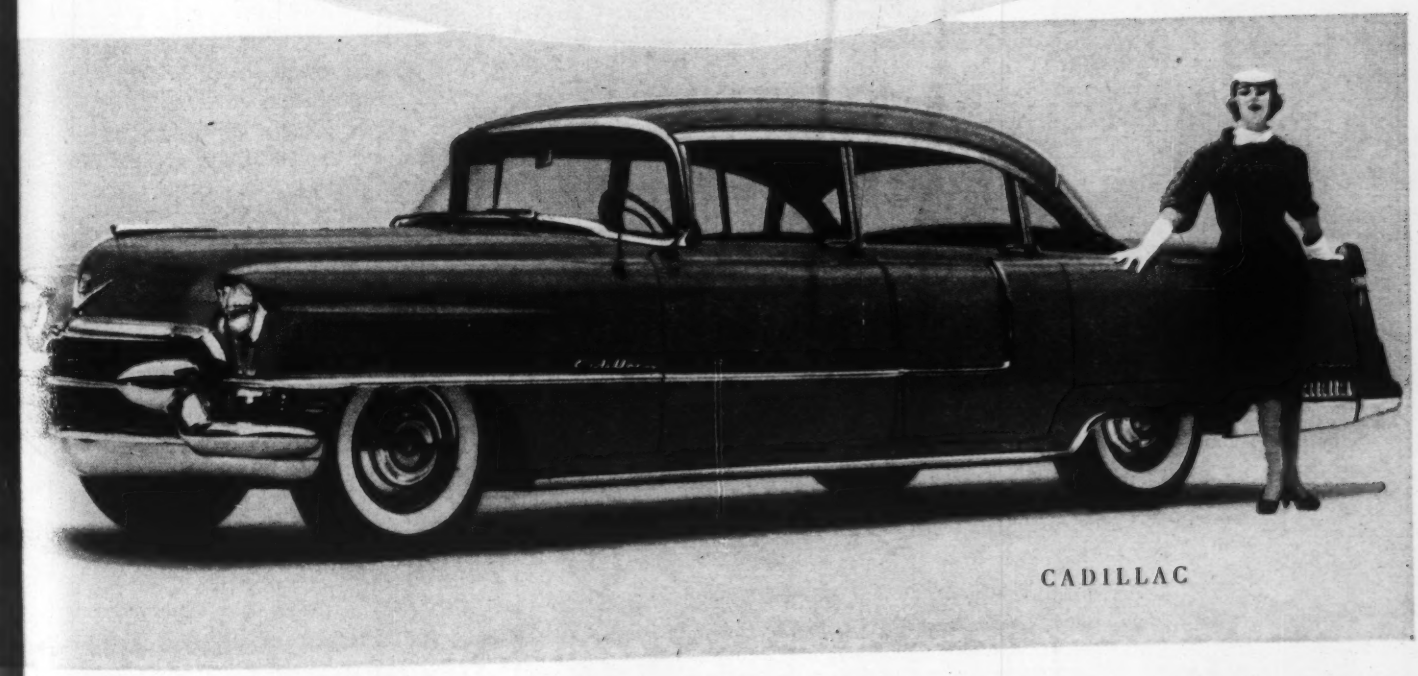

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

stant exhortations, the stereotyped uniformity of all and everything, the eternal portrait of Big Brother following you everywhere with his eyes.

It was the conviction that "we shall know better" that kept my faith alive. It was no longer the naïve faith of a year before, when I had got into the train in Berlin expecting that it would take me straight to Utopia. It had become a rather wistful, rather esoteric faith, but all the more elastic. I no longer believed in Communism because of the Russian example, but in spite of it.

My last few weeks in Russia I spent in Moscow. I met a number of men in the higher Comintern and Soviet hierarchy, among them Mikhael Kolzov, Karl Radek and Nicolai Bukharin, all of whom have since met with their fate.

They were all tired men. The higher you got in the hierarchy, the more tired they were. I have nowhere seen such exhausted men as among the higher strata of Soviet politicians, among the Old Bolshevik guard. It was not only the effect of overwork, nervous strain and apprehension. It was the past that was telling on them, the years of conspiracy, prison and exile; the years of famine and the Civil War.

In the generation that followed them, the generation of the Gletkins, a different type prevailed. Its mentality is wonderfully summed up in a statement by a young Soviet official:

"We are believers. Not as you are. We do not believe either in God or in men. We manufacture gods and we transform men. We believe in Order. We will create a universe in our image, without weaknesses, a universe in which man, rid of the old rags of Christianity, will attain his cosmic grandeur, in the supreme culmination of the species. We are not fighting for a régime, or for power, or for riches. We are the instruments of Fate."

Yet it was neither the "dead men on furlough" of the Old Guard, nor the Gletkins of the next generation, who made the most lasting impression on me. At the time of my visit, the Soviet Empire occupied one-sixth of the inhabited earth; at present it occupies, directly or indirectly, one-third. It would have been impossible to hold such an immense realm together by terror alone. The apathy and passive acquiescence of the ruled, their self-deceiving hopes and propaganda-fed illusions, facilitated the task of the rulers, but could never have given sufficient coherence to that vast structure. There existed another human element which prevented the colossal machinery from breaking down into its component parts, which kept the creaking transmissions and the dry bearings somehow going. It was a certain category of men that I find difficult to define though I have a vivid impres-

ANDRE MALRAUX: No accidents.

sion of the various individuals who belonged to it.

I have met them on my travels in every part of the Soviet Union.

What did these individuals have in common? They were "not marked out by rank or office". They had the most varied occupations. They were not fanatical supporters of the régime. They were the people who, when I was lost and despairing, restored my faith in the Soviet Union. They created around themselves little islands of order and dignity in an ocean of chaos and absurdity.

As a Communist, I took their existence for granted, for I believed that they were the product of revolutionary education, that "new type of man" whose coming Marx had predicted. Today I realize that their existence is very nearly a miracle, that they became what they are not because, but in spite of that education—a triumph of the indestructible human substance over a dehumanizing environment.

For the pressure of that environment seems almost irresistible—slow and steady like soil erosion, or the action of the tides. Cosmic awareness is replaced by social vigilance, perception of the absolute by brain-acrobatics. At a Writers' Congress in Moscow, after listening to countless speeches promising universal happiness in a brave new world, André Malraux asked suddenly: "And what about the child run over by a tram car?" There was a pained silence; then somebody said, amidst general approbation:

"In a perfect, planned socialist transport system there will be no accidents."

This is the third of seven excerpts from "The Invisible Writing" by Arthur Koestler. This material is reprinted by permission of the copyright owner, Mr. Koestler, and his publishers, The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, Toronto, and The Macmillan Company, New York.

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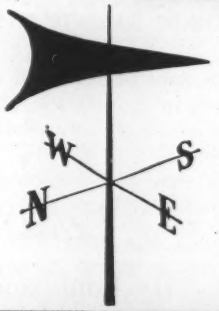

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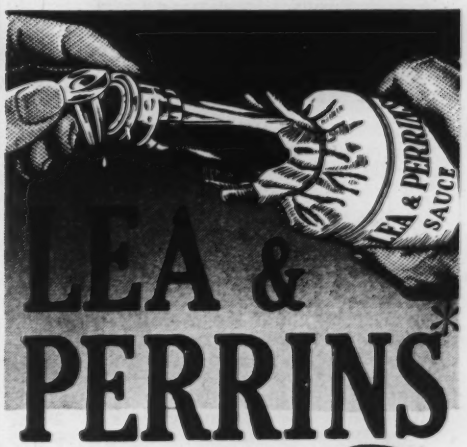

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

AMONG three-move valve problems, Problem No. 103 is in principle the same as many black Rook valves affecting the black Queen. Here the Rook valve, R-Q5, combines attractively with the two bi-valve variations R-B5 and R-K5. Further, the above defences are echoed by the three moves of the Rook along the Knight's file, and the play has more appeal than most versions of this familiar theme with the black Queen.

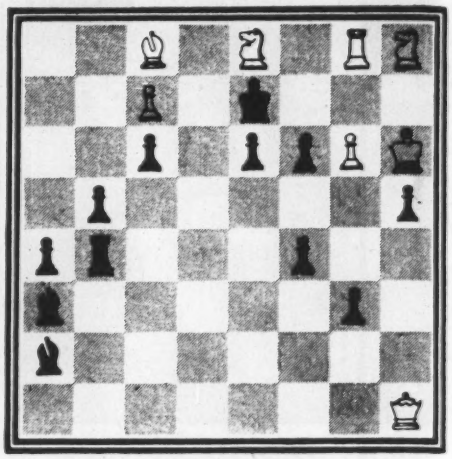
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 102.

Key-move 1.Kt-Kt7, threatening 2.Kt-K8 mate. If Kt-QR3; 2.QxB mate. If Kt-KR3; 2.KtxP mate. If P-Q3; 2.Q-K6 mate. If P-Q4; 2.Q-KB1 mate. If KtxR; 2.QxKt mate.

Here the two Kts must be restricted to the three moves given in the solution, and it will be observed how happily this is achieved without any plugging.

Black can also defend by Q-B1, the reply being 2.Q-KB1 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 103, by J. A. Schiffmann.



White mates in three.

• •

Cross With Us?

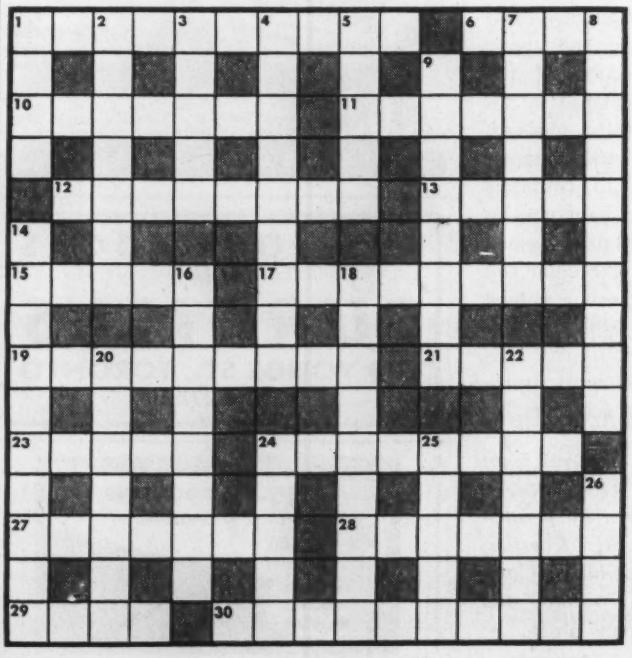
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. It ties up the corporation. (10)
6. Speak softly, as it were, and dispose of her. (4)
10, 29, 24A and 11. Repayment in kind, but not an eye for an eye. (3,4,4,8,7)
11. See 10.
12. Condition to make one late. (8)
13. As a judge, perhaps, starts to cry. (5)
15. Such a bore! (5)
17. A cat dealer can be, if not careful. (9)
19. Mr. Puss gets a number of birds of prey. (9)
21. "The valiant never . . . of death but once". (Julius Caesar) (5)
23. Rene's got the bird more than once! (5)
24. See 10.
27. When in the text, remember it's final. (7)
28. Crooked dealers. (7)
29. See 10.
30. Am going to use men on a back street to provide them. (10)

DOWN

1. Held by the whip-hand. (4)
2. Journeys end for lovers, according to Shakespeare. (7)
3. Run off like Ulysses' wife when she wasn't shut up? (5)
4. Fled below, because he got cold feet, perhaps. (9)
5. Its anagram sounds like 23. (5)
7. Custom-ary way to appear at the hunt? (7)
8. They're game, even though the family grouse and quail. (10)
9. Makes a start to wobble back and trips over on board. (8)
14. It's fortified when bent to 27s. (10)
16. Her head's rehashed. (8)
18. At which one buys money at a discount? (4,5)
20. Ironclad teacher's help. (7)
22. In Ireland, in a pot-house,
Has she been found at last. (7)
24. Five hundred and twenty quires. (5)
25. All this—blessed plot, earth, England—and this too. (5)
26. They left Cleopatra 12. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 13. Pipe dream
1, 21. Pipe cleaner
4, 27. Smoke screen
7. Jars
9. Spittoon
10. Tickle
11. Kinetic
12. Enteric
14. Steel girder
15. Why
17. Ask
19. Tobacco leaf
24. Braille
25. Newgate
27. See 4A
28. Constant
29. 4A. Holy smoke!
30. Otter
31. See 4D

DOWN

2. Imprint
3. Extremes
4. 7. Smoking-jacket
4. 31. Smoking-room
5. Oona
6. Entente
7. See 4D
8. Raleigh 13. See 1
16. Slighter 18. Sirocco
20. Orlando 21. See 1
22. Antonio 23. Finery
26. Scot

(351)

Business

Estimates of Raw Materials Required in 1955

By C. M. SHORT

BUSINESS PLANNING at the beginning of each year might well take account of the prospective supplies of raw materials in relation to those of the preceding year. The accompanying table shows a number of the materials required by Canadian industry and for export to countries that depend upon Canada for some of their basic requirements, notably forest products, nickel, copper and aluminum.

The figures for 1954 are official preliminary estimates and subject, therefore, to revision, probably in a slightly upward direction. Those for the current year are partly the writer's estimates and partly those of several authorities in the relative industries. They may vary from the year-end results, according to market conditions, price movements and the weather's effect on surface operations, particularly in forestry, but previous experience with similar projections has shown that the margin between these estimates and the actual results need not be more than 10 per cent.

The prospective increases in 1955 may not seem substantial, except in the case of iron ore and aluminum, but it should be noted that the forest industries and most metallic mines worked at high levels last year and therefore have little, if any, unused capacity to bring into production in 1955. In some cases, however, productive installations that were completed in 1954 were not in full operation during that period, but are expected to work at capacity in the current twelvemonth. Hence the rather high projections for iron ore and aluminum. The anticipated output of steel is below the rated capacity of the three primary mills in Canada, though well above that of 1954 when it dropped by more than 20 per cent. The estimate for petroleum in 1955 is the highest ever made for this mineral, yet the prospective increase is the smallest since oil became an important factor in this country. Further exploration and drilling will be done, but the emphasis will have to be on the marketing of accumulated supplies of oil and natural gas and this, of course, will slow down field work in the Western Provinces.

The pulp and paper industry cannot raise its output much above that of last year even in the face of a greater demand for most of its products. The Pacific division of the industry is undertaking substantial additions to its capacity but little, if any, will be available for another year or two. However, lumber mills over most of the country can increase their cut under better weather than that of 1954 and under continued favorable construction conditions on this Continent and in several overseas countries. An unusual factor, which will influence lumbering this year, is the salvaging of over 200 million feet of timber blown down by Hurricane Edna in Nova Scotia, which will mean that production in that province will be of abnormal proportions.

Higher production of nickel and copper is encouraged by profitable prices for these metals, although not much in the way of new production facilities is in sight until late in the year. More lead is expected from new mines in Eastern Canada and from the few established properties in British Columbia which have been able to cut their costs, but others of a more marginal character are apt to close down, with some counterbalancing effects on the output of this metal and on zinc. The supply of cement should be larger this year with the completion of additional plants.

The demand for all these materials should be above that of 1954. The United States Department of Commerce estimates that American requiremens will rise this year, but it seems that most of the increase could be provided from domestic sources, although firm contracts for certain Canadian materials, such as iron, nickel and aluminum, should result in higher importations from this country.

Western Europe and Britain are expected to continue on the progressive economic course of the past two or three years, although there does not seem to be as much room for expansion now as they had previously—for one reason, because they have not so much surplus labor to draw upon. But even if they were only to hold the great economic gains of 1954 they would need immense quantities of raw materials, mostly from the New World. With stabilization of armament production, civilian supplies are apt to be greater this year, even in respect of nickel and aluminum. However, Canada may expect strong competition in the world market for certain materials, for during the past year marked advances were made by other countries in mineral production, particularly of petroleum, copper, lead and zinc.

Production of Major Industrial Materials

	1954	1955
Iron Ore, tons	7,280,000	10,000,000
Steel (Ingots) tons	3,200,000	3,700,000
Woodpulp	9,500,000	10,000,000
Newsprint	5,900,000	6,000,000
Lumber, F. B. M.	6,100,000,000	6,500,000,000
Cement, bbls.	22,500,000	25,000,000
Nickel, lbs.	320,000,000	330,000,000
Copper, "	600,000,000	650,000,000
Lead, "	443,000,000	460,000,000
Zinc, "	748,000,000	750,000,000
Aluminum, tons	561,000	600,000
Petroleum, bbls.	95,480,000	105,000,000
Coal, tons	14,825,000	15,000,000

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Bulolo Gold Dredging

I WOULD appreciate your opinion of Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd. This stock fluctuated a great deal between six and seven dollars and as you know has been paying an annual dividend of $1.00 *and extras in* 1954. *What is the financial position of the company? Would you consider this stock to be good for income purposes and growth possibilities?—A. T. B., Toronto, Ont.*

Following the end of hostilities with Japan, Bulolo resumed operations on placer gold property on the Bulolo and Watut rivers of New Guinea. Of the original eight dredges operating in 1949 only three remain and of these one is slated to be closed down by the end of the year. The remaining two will continue to mid-1959. The ore reserves, estimated at 40 million cubic yards of dredgeable gravel, will be exhausted by 1959.

Annual dividend payments for the last two years have amounted to $1.00 a share which, at the current market of $6.30, represents a yield of nearly 16 per cent. This high return plus the distribution of the amortization fund, must be considered as a return of capital against the day when all operations might cease. The fund paid out $1.00 a share last year and the balance amounting to .70 a share is to be paid early this year. Currently, net profit at .99 a share, which is down sharply from the $2.47 a share reported in 1953, is sufficient to cover dividends, but if gold dredging falls much below last year's level the present rate will only be maintained by resorting to the earned surplus account.

In an effort to offset the loss of revenue from the dredging operations, Bulolo has, in conjunction with the Australian Government, established a plywood and timber enterprise in New Guinea. The new company, Commonwealth New Guinea Timbers Limited, of which Bulolo owns 49 per cent, has started initial production on a type of plywood called Klinkii plywood. It is planned to market this product both in Australia and in the United States.

Reflecting, of course, the dwindling assets of the gold properties, the price of the stock has been steadily declining since the high of $38.00 was recorded in 1935. For the past few years the moves have been contained in a narrow range between $4.80 and $9.10, where even the abnormally high yield has not been sufficient to lift the price to more reasonable levels. As current assets alone are in the neighborhood of $5 a share, it seems unlikely that a decline will carry much below this price.

The growth possibilities of this stock, while somewhat obscure, appear to depend on the ability of the company to reinvest its capital in other profitable enterprises. Perhaps the new plywood industry will be the answer, but while there is a healthy demand for plywood, certain marketing disadvantages will have to be overcome.

At the present time we would defer purchases of this stock and adopt a wait-and-see attitude.

Wood Alexander

I HAVE A LARGE number of shares of Wood Alexander Company Limited at a cost of $6.00. The dividend, due October 5, was not paid and I am at a loss to understand this in view of the continued activity in the construction business. The consequence is now that the stock is selling at $3.50 a share and I have a loss of about $1,500. Would you please comment on this company.—G. W., Sudbury.

This company is mainly a wholesaler of heavy hardware for public utility, industrial and lumber camp use. It also supplies the retail hardware trade. While the report for 1954 operations will not appear until late next April, a review of the balance sheets of this company offers some indications of why the common dividend has had to be skipped to maintain working capital.

The peak of net earnings was in 1951 at $500,191. Then there was a drift downwards, 1953's figure being $368,501. Net profits were at their peak in 1950 at $241,400 and declined from there by nearly 50 per cent to $133,556 in 1953. The 1953 balance sheet provided some further indications of difficulty. Inventory had risen to its highest point in several years, to $1,648,694, and above the 1-to-1 ratio with working capital which was then $1,597,601. The bank loan was almost tripled in the previous year, amounting to $446,627.

The dropping of the dividend would indicate that this trend of lower earnings has continued into 1954. According to the most recent Dominion Bureau of Statistics survey of 63 hardware wholesalers, their average gross profit ratio declined from 20.49 per cent in 1951 to 19.5 per

cent in 1953 while operating expenses increased to an average of 14.65 per cent of net sales from 13.76 per cent in 1951. The average net operating profit on the sales dollar declined from 6.73 cents to 4.80 cents in this period.

As in the case of too many other Canadian companies, quarterly reports are not provided, and it is impossible to do more than guess as to the present position of the company. But it seems to be having difficulty operating in the buyer's market of today, and the forthcoming balance sheet should be studied intently to determine whether you should take your loss and transfer your capital to another more promising situation.

Homer Yellowknife

THE ANNUAL *report of Homer Yellowknife looks very good to me but the price has dropped. What are the chances of a recovery?—E. G., Toronto.*

This company is in the early stages of exploration and hopes of a market advance seem to depend more on speculative interest in uranium than on any intrinsic value in the property. Recent reports from the claims in the Bancroft area indicate the possibility of some 500,000 tons of ore. While some trench samples have averaged between $14 and $20 a ton, extensive exploration will be necessary before a conclusive analysis is possible.

To raise the capital to continue diamond drilling, it appears that the remaining stock in the treasury must be issued. An option agreement coupled with favorable drill hole reports might stimulate an advance. Otherwise, it is just a location bet.

New Concord

I HOLD 400 *shares of New Concord Development Company, bought at* $1.22. *Should I continue to hold until I get back my purchase price or would you advise me to sell in the present rising market?—J. H., Toronto.*

This company is almost a subsidiary of Jasper Oil Corp. by virtue of Jasper's holding 1,550,000 shares of the 2,926,373 shares outstanding.

Jasper reported recently that it had increased its holdings of New Concord and is planning a merger with this company, Consolidated Cordasun and Okalta Oil sometime this year.

Until the annual reports for 1954 are available, showing oil reserves and other assets, it will be impossible to estimate what the basis of exchange will be.

The market performance of all the stocks in this group has been anything but encouraging. Jasper tumbled from a high of 3.80 to a low of $1.40 last year, and is currently trading around $1.60. New Concord has fallen steadily from a

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T. H. ATKINSON,
General Manager

Montreal, Que., January 18, 1955.

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On January 19th, 1955 a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on all the no par value shares of this Company that will be outstanding on February 11th, 1955, including shares subscribed for pursuant to transferable subscription rights issued on January 10th, 1955, and expiring on January 31st, 1955 The dividend is payable March 5th, 1955 to shareholders of record at the close of business February 11th, 1955.

Montreal JAMES A. DULLEA
January 19th, 1955 Secretary

high of $2.94, reached in 1952, to a low of 45 cents last September and only recently has recovered to 70 cents. Okalta turned in a similar performance and reached the low point of its long downtrend, from the 1952 high of $5.00, last July at $1.15 and is at present priced at $1.41.

Should a merger be effected, a much stronger company would result and undoubtedly a series of underwritings would be forthcoming on Jasper. These, if they follow the previous pattern, should stimulate market action considerably.

Judging by the chart patterns of these stocks, there is a fair possibility that the long downtrends from the 1952 highs will be reversed with speculative interest returning to the oil market.

New Concord is facing heavy supply above 80 cents and the prospects of a recovery to your purchase price are not too bright. Still, the prospects of a merger warrant the continued holding of your stock at the present time.

In Brief

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Heva Gold? Will it ever go back up?—W. L. K., Kingston, Ont.*

Most unlikely.

I HAVE *a few shares of Alexandria Gold Mines purchased many years ago. Is it "gold" or "dross"?—R. T., Toronto.*

Dross.

HAVE YOU *any information on Marquette Long Lac?—L. K., Montreal.*

Idle since 1948.

GLENCONA *appears very active in a number of mining areas, but even on drilling news it continues to decline. Is it a dying duck?—J. J. B., Geraldton, Ont.*

Not dying but grounded.

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion of D'Eldona? I bought* 1,000 *shares at* .23. *What are its chances?—E. R., St. Thomas, Ont.*

It's a long shot, but it might pay off.

I HOLD *some shares of Consolidated Peak Oil. I paid a much higher price than the present market. Should I sell or buy more here?—A. T., Victoria.*

The recent underwriting seems to warrant holding the stock, but don't average down.

ARE SHARES *of Avillabona a good speculation at the present market? — P. L., Montreal.*

Not attractive.

CAN YOU *tell me what happened to Brown Bousquet Mines Ltd? — W. H., Vancouver.*

It threw in the towel.

I AM A *long time holder of Wood-Cadillac Mines Ltd. Could you tell me if this stock is dormant?—R. D., Toronto.*

Not dormant—dead.

Who's Who in Business

Opportunity and Reward

By John Irwin

J. GRANT GLASSCO, president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and senior partner of Clarkson, Gordon and Company of Toronto, is a cosmopolitan Canadian with interests in several countries. He has an international reputation in public accounting, "which holds a degree of interest, opportunity and reward of which young men are generally unaware", and as a farmer dedicated to the improvement of cattle.

One of a family of three sons and three daughters of the late J. Girdlestone Glassco (who, when manager of Winnipeg City Hydro, introduced low - cost power which ultimately affected rates throughout the continent), Grant Glassco was born in 1905. Educated at Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont. (he is now a governor), McGill University (where he came under the influence of Stephen Leacock) and the Sorbonne, he joined a Montreal firm of accountants in 1926. On receiving his CA in 1927, he was transferred to Quebec. That city has a special place in his affection, for there he met and married Willa, daughter of Sir William Price, who had timber and paper interests in the Saguenay. They now have two sons and two daughters. In 1931 he became associated with his present firm and became a partner in 1935.

Ashley & Crippen

J. GRANT GLASSCO

He became closely associated with de Havilland Aircraft at a critical time during the war, first as Government Controller and, later, Financial Adviser. This was the time when production of the famed Mosquito bomber had highest priority. In 1946 he was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire.

During the war he made a top-secret investigation into the Eldorado Mining and Refining Company to "trace every transaction of uranium". It is significant that Mr. Glassco enjoyed the full confidence of the government in his delicate task.

Among his appointments, and he holds several directorships, is that of Receiver and Manager of the Canadian-owned Barcelona Traction, Light and Power Company which was illegally seized by the Spanish authorities several years ago.

He finds the variety of his work "fascinating" and derives pleasure from the broad range of personal contacts which result. Participation in activities unrelated to one's work, he says, is indispensable in maintaining a healthy outlook. He is sorry there are only a few chartered accountants in Parliament, "but it's pretty hard to carry on an accounting practice and spend half a year in Ottawa". He travels a great deal, mostly to Britain, Brazil, Spain, France, Belgium and Switzerland.

He has a 400-acre farm at Woodbridge, near Toronto, where he is engaged in breeding experiments with Santa Gertrudis cattle, developed on the famed King Ranch in Texas, to see "if they will contribute anything to our cattle industry. The results so far are encouraging."

He follows his family's tradition of public service. His "most pleasurable" effort is for Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, of which he is chairman of the trustees. Service with other charitable and educational institutions, public speaking and active membership in clubs also contribute to his "pretty full program".

He finds time to maintain his life-long absorbing interest in philately (his special field is British North America), fishing ("when I can") and reading biographies, economic and contemporary history and "a dash of Perry Mason".

A tall (6 feet, 2½ inches), urbane figure, with dark hair and a clipped moustache, he has an air of crisp alertness and a lively sense of humor. He has a great zest for life "but there are never enough hours in the day". He urges young men to enter the profession of accounting. "The training they receive," he says, "is one of the best preparations for a business career that can be had."

Bonds

Discount Securities

By J. Ross Oborne

THE DESIRE to purchase securities below their actual worth is common to both investors and speculators. In dealing with bonds and debentures we normally refer to a discount as a price below $100. This general usage has grown up because most bonds at maturity are redeemable at a price of $100 or par. In effect par is thus a future worth—it may be six years away or it may be 30, depending on the term of the security.

Normally a bond that will not be redeemed for 30 years should cost an investor less than one that will give him his principal back in six years. We thus can establish a general principle that normally a short-term discount (or premium) bond with a given interest rate should sell closer to its redemption price of par than a long-term discount (or premium) bond with the same interest rate.

Let us take a concrete example to illustrate this point. In this illustration we are not taking into account market factors that may affect prices and basic interest rates. We are concerned only with term or time. Let us buy $1,000 Bell Telephone Company 3¼ per cent due February 15, 1973, at a price of $97. Here we have a discount security which in 1973 will be redeemed at $100. When we buy the Bell Telephone bond at $97 we are getting a better return on our investment than 3¼ per cent. We are getting a better return because we are not investing $1,000, but only $970. The actual rate of return is 3.50 per cent. Now let us get back to our term or time, using the percentage of interest return or "yield" on the investment as our factor. Our Bell Telephone bond matures in 1973 and thus at this point has eighteen years to run to maturity. Let us project into the future to the year 1961. Our bond has now only 12 years to run to maturity. If we use our yield factor of 3.50 per cent, we find that our bond is now worth $97.57, an increase of .57c over what we paid for it. If we look ahead six years more we would find our bond worth $98.66. This price would gradually increase until the bond is redeemed in 1973 at $100.

We are confronted with many variables that may affect the price of our discount bond, such as general interest rate levels, size of sinking fund, call price, popularity of the company, etc. An intelligent appraisal of these factors can be helpful in determining whether more than normal appreciation may be anticipated.

MR. M. F. JONES
Vice-President of T. G. Bright Wines, Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ontario

in a recent business portrait taken by

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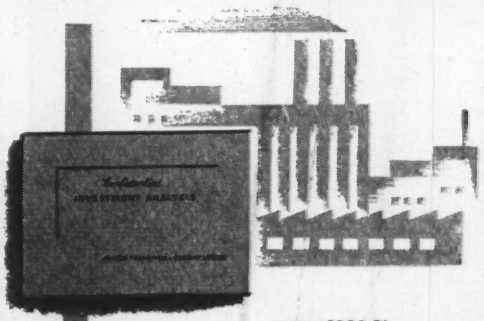

What Are My Investments Worth To-day?

WHILE we are asked this question nearly every business day, more investors like to have the answer at this time of the year than at any other period. The first of the year is traditionally a time to take stock of one's financial position.

To evaluate security holdings and to assist in formulating sound investment plans, is one of our services. Without charge, we will analyze your securities, and give you the present market value and income return. We will check for convertible features and "called" bonds. If we see where, with safety, your income may be increased, we will tell you. You will not be obligated in any way.

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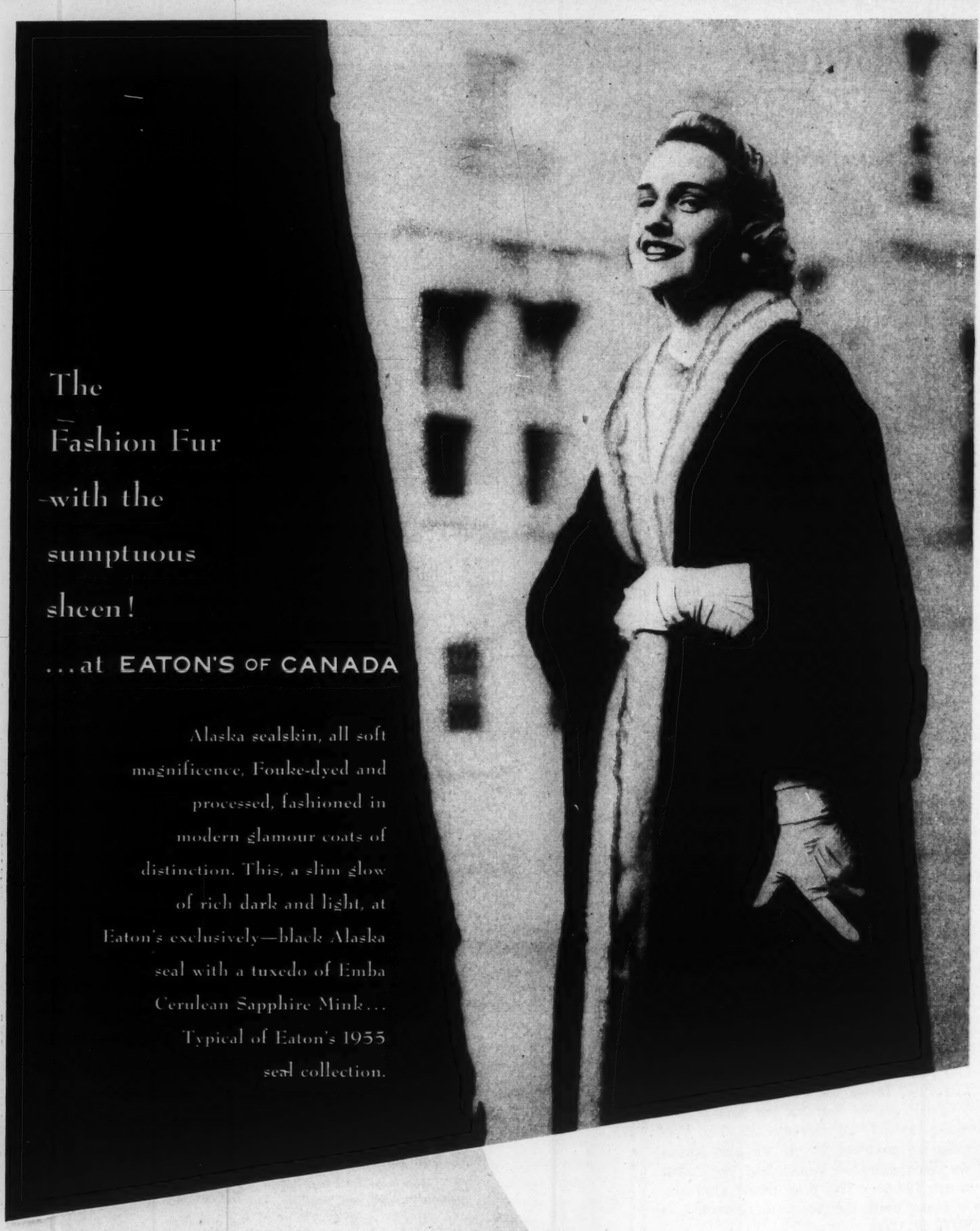

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EATON'S...

CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

women

THE IMPORTANCE *of soft trimmings was noted at the recent Spring showings by the top New York couturiers, as in the chiffon scarf treatment (left), the big bow (right) and the lace lingerie touches (above). For a report on the fashions, see the following pages.*

Conversation Pieces:

CHRISTIAN DIOR recently described his method of evolving the season's silhouette. He isolates himself and broods a while and presently the silhouette takes shape and detail by itself. This is somewhat similar to the way Samuel Taylor Coleridge reputedly evolved *Kubla Khan*, but unluckily Mr. Coleridge was interrupted before he could finish. Nobody seems to interrupt M. Dior.

If designer Dior has his way, skirts will never again creep back to the knees. M. Dior doesn't like knees, and he doesn't like elbows either. "Bones," he points out, "are not a pretty sight." His dream woman, apparently, is a boneless wonder, as jointless as a stretch of pulled toffee.

WE'VE BEEN IMPRESSED RECENTLY by the growing popularity of winter vacations. Not so long ago the winter holiday was the special privilege of people who could take a vacation any time they chose. In recent years, however, the split vacation system has been adopted enthusiastically by Canadians who have to allocate their holiday time as thriftily as possible. As it works out, you take a week or two in the coldest part of the winter to go south, then a week or two in the hottest month of the summer to go north. It's a fine system, unless you happen to be the unlucky, or accident-prone type, who picks a January thaw to go to Florida and a rainy spell in July for a camping trip to Algonquin. We spent half an hour not long ago on the observation platform of the local airport, watching the travellers returning from the South. They came down the gangplanks, browned to the hairline by the summer sun and wrapped to the chins in winter furs; but they were the same swarming heterogeneous crowd you might meet in the lobby of the Union Station at the height of the summer vacation season.

EIGHT MONTHS OLD Bobby Martin of Hollywood is the youngest performer on television. His job is to grow up, in full view of the public, and his sponsors hope to record his day by day progress until Bobby is ready for college. If the plans go through, Bobby's first tooth and first toddle will be recorded and exhibited over the national network. The television audience will be on hand to watch his first visit to the barber and the dentist, his first day at school. His school report will be under public scrutiny, and millions of interested people will be distressed if he gets a "D" in conduct. They will listen for the first creak in his adolescent voice; they will be fascinated and edified by his introduction to long pants; they will supervise his first date. If Bobby should crack under the strain, an anxious nation will be on hand to wait for the report from the psychiatrist. All our sympathy goes out to little Bobby Martin.

WE HOPE THAT some board of research will investigate the case of Blockhead, the gifted Kansas hen that lays flat-sided eggs. It would be worth the while of any husbandry department to study Blockhead and see if the strain can be reproduced. We have been bothered for years by eggs that roll off the kitchen table and splash on the linoleum. Our problem is complicated by our cat, Minnie, who enjoys a raw egg and never misses a chance to roll her own. We'd love to watch Minnie's face when she tries sneaking up on one of Blockhead's flat-sided eggs for the first time.

Spring Fashions in New York

By Margaret Ness

THE SUIT STORY *for Spring is illustrated by Dior's long torso jacket of the grey worsted suit (above), which is his now famous H-line look, and by the brief, but straight line, jacket in the grey flannel suit (left) by Anthony Blotta. Both have silk overblouses with matching jacket lining. Photographs are courtesy of the New York Dress Institute.*

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE that a small, shy, balding Frenchman can dictate what the women of the world will wear. But Christian Dior does. And the fact was demonstrated in the New York collections. Even strong-minded designers fell into line—the H-line.

The silhouette is now stabilized, and the controversy over what Dior was doing to the bosom has been clarified. We are told: "Nothing's changed, just re-arranged". The re-arrangement consists of raising the bustline one and a half to two inches. It isn't a flat bustline, but a rounded one. The waistline is slim but loosened. The nipped-in look is no longer with us. The hipline is falsely low, being made so by decorative touches, such as pockets or bands or low-placed skirt fullness, rather than by artificially lowering the waistline. Altogether the silhouette adds up to a long, lean, lithe look, which does seem to be flattering to most women.

It is very definitely a costume look this Spring, with last season's dress-and-coat ensemble carried over to include dress-with-jacket and suit-with-overblouse. In fact, the overblouse is the major fashion news. Few, if any, suits have tuck-in blouses. And the overblouses are mostly dressy, featuring rich silks even with tweeds, and as often plain as printed. Even the popular sports-type two-piece dress is invariably a skirt and overblouse affair.

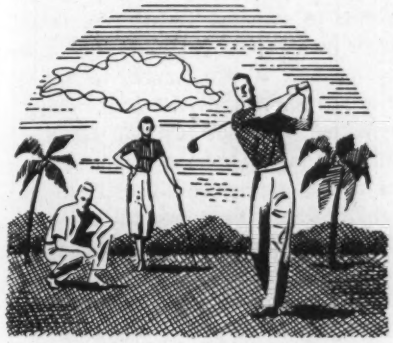
The two suits shown on this page both have overblouses. Adèle Simpson showed a printed silk overblouse, collar and long flat ties with a brown-gold silk tweed suit, and introduced her new ultra-violet color in a printed overblouse with a wool suit (with pleated skirt) in the same matching vibrant color. In the Harry Frechtel collection there was a grey-and-white printed overblouse and big bow, worn with a slightly tapered box jacket suit in slate grey flannel.

Among the stunning dress-and-jacket ensembles, I particularly liked a geranium red raw silk costume by Hannah Troy, the jacket lined with a flower print. Another outstanding combination was a jacket lined with pleated pink silk organza with a black needlepoint wool dress, designed by Roxane for Samuel Winston. And Herbert Sondheim utilized white Alençon lace as a bodice for a black raw silk dress, to give an overblouse effect. This had its own silk jacket for street wear.

Another almost equally important trend for Spring is the increase in soft trimmings. No longer are collars and cuffs encrusted with jewels. Except for fine beading, there is virtually no "hard" trimming. But every collection included a medley of jabots, ruchings, frills, bows, pipings, lace insertions, eyelet embroidery, linen collars and cuffs. The most popular trim is lace. Maurice Rentner was very partial to it. One of his suits, a taupe novelty tweed, had a necklet and bracelet effect of appliqued guipure lace, and another, in charcoal novelty wool, sported a white dickey of re-embroidered Alençon lace. Harvey Berin dressed up a dove grey sheer wool frock with an Evangeline collar of tucked linen and Irish lace. A white evening gown in the Hattie Carnegie collection featured Dresden lace (white with a gold thread) worked in a design slanting up on the bodice and down on the circular skirt.

Eyelet embroidery jabots are almost a signature with Nettie Rosenstein this season. One, in deep chalky pink, was ruffled right down to the waistline of a navy wool dress. Oleg Cassini highlighted a demure navy Italian silk dress with a pleated white bib front. Tina Leser even introduced the eyelet motif into bathing suits, with pink eyelet over pink cotton satin in a pants and camisole top com-

Lots More Fun on the AMERICAN PLAN



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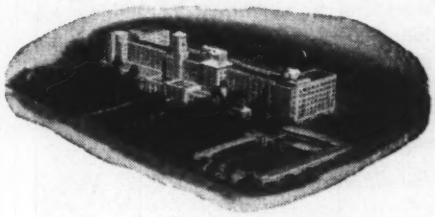

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bination. And in a tennis or play dress she placed black sea shell patterned lace on the white Italian cotton skirt.

Scarves are important, too. They can be both fashion and fun. One of the most dramatic was in the Ceil Chapman collection. It was the accent on a long skirted evening dress of white chiffon printed in a black polka dot. The scarf was tied around the throat and streamlined down the back, anchored by a huge red carnation at the back neckline.

Coats continue slim. The voluminous look has disappeared entirely, except in the occasional silk theatre coat with a puffed-out look. Sleeves are tapered and slender, and few are pushed up. One of the most interesting coat collections in every New York seasonal preview is from the firm of Originala. The fleece coats were almost too sensational. They were lined in rich materials and, in many cases, dressed up with jewelled collars, in direct contrast to the absence of "hard" trimming in the other designers' collections. In fact, a white fleece coat was entirely encrusted with pearls and rhinestones. But the most startling contribution to the fashion news was re-embroidered lace superimposed on fleece. One such slim clutch coat retailed in New York for $650! In a more orthodox vein was an attractive flame red fleece in a slim coat with a demure choir-boy collar.

TINA LESER and Branell did much with sweaters. Leser introduces embroidered flower banding on her bolero sweaters, to match her sundresses with flower-traced necklines and straps. Branell elevated the cashmere sweater into evening glamour, with narrow velvet piping and bows.

Color is always important in Spring clothes. Navy, as usual, was included in all the New York collections, but in a lighter navy shade. Mollie Parnis showed the fashion press a navy silk taffeta dress with self collar and bow which Mrs. Eisenhower had chosen for her Spring wardrobe. The red spectrum is popular, too, from pale pink to the ultra violet of Adèle Simpson's "Sea Swept Colors".

I particularly liked the yellow tones seen in the collections by Pauline Trigère and Ceil Chapman. Trigère calls her very pale yellow "Forsythia". Chapman favors a "Lemon Sherbet" shade. It was extremely effective in an evening gown of lace over taffeta, with matching tulle bow-knots appliqued on the skirt. Grey was Nettie Rosenstein's love and appeared in a jacket-dress of Italian silk linen, complete with a yellow hat and gloves, and in a theatre costume consisting of a dress in slate grey lace gauze with matching satin coat. Oleg Cassini chooses colors from wines and liqueurs. For example, "Brandy Alexander" was his beige shade for a cocktail dress of lace over taffeta.

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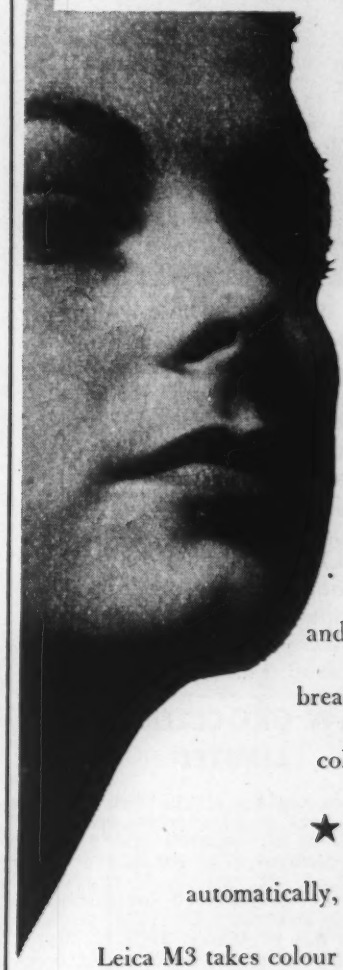

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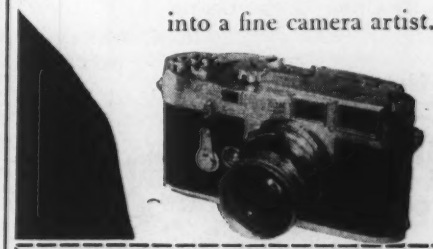

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ROYAL BANK COMPTROLLER

D. L. WITTER, whose appointment as Comptroller is announced by The Royal Bank of Canada. Mr. Witter has been Chief Accountant of the bank since 1947. The establishment of a Comptroller's Department is a new departure for the bank and was foreshadowed in the address of James Muir, the bank's Chairman and President, at the Annual Meeting recently. The appointment of M. G. Clennett as Chief Accountant, to succeed Mr. Witter, is also announced. *

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending February 28, 1955, payable on the 1st day of March, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 2nd day of Febr.ary, 1955. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, January 21, 1955.

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Letters

Strike Votes

IN THE EDITORIAL "Strike Votes" . . . it is implied that there is an absence in the Labor Legislation for the supervision of votes of employees on the question of whether or not they wish to participate in strike action.

Since 1945 there has been a provision in the dispute act of the Province, now known as The Alberta Labor Act, prohibiting the taking of strike action unless and until a vote has been taken of the employees affected in the unit under the supervision of the Board of Industrial Relations and a majority of the employees have voted in favor of a strike.

I might also add that since approximately two or three years ago, similar provisions are contained for a Government supervision of strike votes in the Province of British Columbia . . .

Edmonton K. A. PUGH, Chairman
Board of Industrial Relations

Sterilization

RE MR. LAMBERT'S letter on sterilization, if past generations had adopted this practice, Mr. Lambert would not be in existence today to build bridges or human beings. A close examination of any genealogy, sufficiently far back, will reveal instances of not insanity according to today's diagnostic standards, necessarily, but man's judgment of his contemporaries' departure from the normal, according to the modes and practices then prevailing. As man's past conceits erroneously assured him of all knowledge, tomorrow's progeny will render a like adverse decision regarding man's similar conceit today.

Antigonish, NS A. CAMPBELL

Of Many Things

IT WILL be a pleasure to go to the Art Galleries where the Dutch Masters are to be on view. After the daubs and childish fantasies that have been exhibited so far this winter, work by artists who obviously understood their medium and their tools and had something to communicate to someone outside the initiates of their own private coterie will be a welcome change, a satisfaction to the eye and a refreshment to the soul. What is the matter with our artists? Have they nothing to say? Or have they never served a decent apprenticeship in their craft? A child from the kindergarten with a good sense of color and his inborn rhythm could produce just as pleasing and intelligible paintings as many of those now taking up space on gallery walls.

Montreal RENE LAJOIE

WHY LET *The Times Literary Supplement* get under your skin? What it had to say was quite true. We have no poets, and furthermore we have no people who read poetry. The evidence for this can be found in your own *Letters* page. Only two or three people could recall a favorite line and none of those quoted would ever sing in the memory.

Edmonton JANET SPURWAY

I AM tired of the assumption that if anything is frivolous in design it is *ipso facto* feminine. And the idea that anything a woman had to say about the design of a car would carry weight is ridiculous. Most women aren't even consulted about the purchase of the family car. All the woman is expected to do is adjust her housekeeping budget to accommodate the monthly payments.

Hamilton, Ont. (MRS.) R. L. MCINTOSH

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
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The Public Prints

The Labor Review: The goal of compulsory union membership is labor monopoly. Roughly, that is the acquisition of the power by one or several persons to dictate the terms of hiring in some broad field of industrial activity. Putting it another way, the controllers of a labor monopoly seek to set the selling price of labor.

Boston Herald: There's a farmer in Trieste whose home has become a monument, a symbol of the basic ridiculousness of governments. His house has a big yellow stripe that marches up one side, across the roof and down the other. Neither government would give an inch. His kitchen is in Italy, the rest of the house is in Yugoslavia. He's going to need a passport to get to his ravioli. In the eyes of governments, this is logic—correct, proper. The line has been agreed upon. It shall not deviate an inch. But to the man this is silly, for little Mr. Luca Eller has no international designs; he doesn't want territory, power or prestige. All he wants to do is to walk from his vineyard to his kitchen without passing a border guard on the way.

Calgary Herald: The Alberta Tuxis Boys' Parliament, meeting in Calgary, has voted down a resolution favoring conscription in Canada.

The resolution and the result of the voting probably will be sent to the Minister of National Defence "to let the Government know where Alberta youth stood on the conscription issue".

This is a shattering piece of presumption.

Winnipeg Free Press: Because a newspaper photographer took a picture of two holdup suspects after police told him not to, Vancouver's chief of police, Mr. Walter Mulligan, has threatened that in future the police will tell the papers less about crime news.

Mr. Mulligan's attitude is shared by not a few men in public office today—that the general public should know only what they want it to know. As the major source of news for the public is the daily newspaper, they try to achieve their objective by clamping down on the information they give the press.

This is a technique that invariably backfires. Newspapers will continue to hunt down the news they feel is of interest to their readers. And the readers will pay such a story much more attention than if it had come through normal channels.

Credit Insurance

AND

The Case of the Banker's Benefit

THIS is an example of how American Credit Insurance can be a decisive factor in securing commercial loans. Whether your own business is large or small, the principle is a valuable one to keep in mind.

The policyholder, a cabinet manufacturer doing a gross business of some three million dollars a year, was offered an extremely attractive contract by a concern of many times its own size. Only one hitch seemed to exist: a need for additional working capital at the outset, to finance substantial purchases of materials and a fairly large tooling-up operation. At the same time, the policyholder was anxious to have its new account included in the coverage afforded by the existing policy, and routine inquiry went forward to American Credit in this matter.

Discussion brought out the financial aspect of the entire contemplated setup, and the suggestion was made that the insured accounts receivable of the policyholder be used as collateral for a bank loan. Would a bank advance funds on this basis?

A bank would and did—and the policyholder proceeded to close the deal. The new account was afforded coverage up to 150 thousand dollars, and a collateral benefit rider was attached to the policy, under which the lending bank was given equal assurance with the policyholder of the payment of all the accounts covered. The operation moved forward, and all went smoothly, until . . .

With an outstanding of more than 110 thousand dollars for actually delivered cabinets, the account became past due. The many-times-larger concern proved less sound than the cabinet manufacturer serving it. After failure to collect, suit had to be entered, *but*—neither the cabinet company nor the lending bank had any primary part to play in this act of the drama.

Under the terms of the policy, the bank immediately received a loss payment of more than 85 thousand dollars—and the policyholder suffered no loss of credit standing, no diminution of working capital, no alteration of the terms of the loan.

Have you considered the possibility of using insured accounts receivable as collateral in your own financing operations? For your copy of a new booklet: "*Credit Insurance, Its History and Functions,*" write to the American Credit Indemnity Company office in your city.

CANADIAN DIVISION

American Credit Indemnity Company

of New York

Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke and Vancouver

"You have to be friendly to be popular," said Goldie

"AND that explains," went on the friendly lion, "why *Molson's Golden Ale,* with me on the label, has already won so many admirers. I'm as friendly as a kitten."

"But how can an ale be friendly?" asked the ski champ.

"Friendship is a matter of taste," explained Goldie. *"Molson's Golden Ale* is lighter and smoother. It creeps into your affection like a welcome handclasp. And, like all good friendships, each sip leaves behind a fresh and stimulating memory."

Molson's Golden Ale is *lighter, smoother, dryer.* The modern answer to the demand for a brew that is less filling. Molson's Golden is "light as a feather", yet retains all the zest and authority of a true ale.

Like it light? You'll choose Molson's Golden!

Flavour conscious? Let the Molson Golden Ale lion be your guide!

MOLSON'S GOLDEN ALE

Molson's GOLDEN ALE